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FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS

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FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS

AND THEIR CONTEMPORARIES REPRESENTED IN AMERICAN COLLECTIONS

PREFACE BY

Edward Alden Jewell

PHOTO RESEARCH AND BIOGRAPHIES BY

Aimée Crane

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PRELUDE

WE COULD SCARCELY do without classification of some sort; and yet in the application of "tags" perennial dangers reside. These dangers we are wont to recognize or to acknowledge only now and then, so a matter of course has the shepherding of art into convenient pigeonholes become. Questions we had thought securely enough disposed of long ago have a sly way of reasserting themselves. To them, if we are taken off guard, our answers may be glib. Yet, pausing and probing, we can be thrown into disquietude, and in the end may sorrowfully conclude that it is easier to apply a term than to keep it comprehensively serviceable.

Impressionism, about which I have undertaken here to write, has bothered me no end through the years. Not content with chasing me up a tree, it has sometimes kept me out on a limb, pondering, nonplussed, while other folk went sensibly about their business. To me Impressionism has long appeared a term so difficult to define that it may accurately embrace the complex nineteenth-century movement to which it is assigned. Like all art movements, Impressionism, when examined closely, is seen to be many-faceted. Nor is it the simplest thing in the world always to decide just which artists "belong" and which do not.

Of course, if we were to take the term in its very broadest implication we should get nowhere, since every work of art ever created, even though most minutely "finished," is one artist's impression of the object or mental image depicted; and this means no more specifically than, pursuing another thesis, to admit that all art is abstract, *in degree*. But we are here engaged in interpreting the term in a restrictive sense: as embodying, first of all, a more or less radical departure from painting methods previously employed; as embodying efforts to realize certain new aims by means of a "different" handling of paint and brush.

To these technical matters I shall return later on. At this initial juncture it will be well, I think, to get our theme launched on a human basis: a basis of human drama. Of such drama there was, as we peer back at the period in question, no dearth. For, be the precise nature of their paint theories what they might, the artists responsible for the Impressionist movement in France had, like all pioneering artists in the history of art, to battle for their cause against the usual obstacles and with little beyond bootstrap encouragement.

I

Suppose then, first, we consider the Impressionists simply as an insurgent group of artists who, along in the 1860's, found themselves drawn together by interests sufficiently mutual to make some sort of concerted action, when the time came, imperative. It was by no means a group formed overnight, nor, even after it had got pretty well established, was it a closely knit group.

One of the underlying factors, as I see it now, was simply a shared wish to "make" the Salon, failing which where, in those days, would one be? The Paris Salon, like all academic organizations, was governed according to certain fixed canons of taste. It stood for what was accepted and respectable.

Young artists with revolutionary ideas, it goes without saying, were treated as disruptive and dangerous rebels who must be suppressed in the interest of maintaining the dignity of Art—even in behalf of safe-guarding the Morals of the State. An old story, endlessly reverberant down the corridor of time, which need not be dwelt upon save to the extent of noting that (again true to form) the behavior of the Salon's administrators acted ultimately as a boomerang by impelling our *outré* artists of the 60's and 70's never to relax until they had achieved public recognition.

It looked at an early stage as if one of the toughest of the obstacles had magically and permanently been cleared away. That was when Napoleon III bespoke the establishment of a Salon des Refusés, thus affording a second chance (it came as a bolt from the blue) to all artists who in that particular year had submitted to the official Salon and been with traditional promptness juried into limbo. Mr. Wilenski in his most recent book[1] thus describes the auspicious event:

> In the Spring of 1863 the Emperor Napoleon III paid a surprise and incognito visit to the Salon des Beaux-Arts, which was not yet open to the public though the pictures were hung. He went round the exhibition and then asked to see the works rejected by the Jury. He was taken to a gallery where hundreds of pictures were stacked face inwards against the walls; porters were ordered to parade some of them before him; becoming impatient he turned some round himself; when he had seen a score or so he pronounced the rejected pictures "quite as good" as those exhibited; and he asked the administrator of the Beaux-Arts to revise the verdicts. The Administration replied that the number of would-be artists had greatly increased in recent years and it was essential to dam the stream against this flood of individualities ("*mettre une digue devant tant d'individualitiés*") and thus discourage these *êtres déclassés* who might otherwise become "*un danger sérieux pour la société.*" Thereupon the Emperor gave a categoric order that all the rejected pictures should be shown in the Palais de l'Industrie in rooms adjacent to the official Salon; the Beaux-Arts obeyed; and the artists were invited to leave their pictures for a Salon des Refusés.

A "landmark" this event has with justice been called. The only trouble was, it didn't last. The Emperor himself, who had been so broadmindedly brusque, is reported to have been shocked by at least one rescued painting—a no less famous work than Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*, now in the Louvre. So the Salon des Refusés wasn't repeated, and the feather in officialdom's cap was greatly admired by all Parisian reactionaries, and everything was tranquil again, at least on the surface. As a matter of fact, few prospective members of the as yet unformed Impressionist group were represented in that well-intentioned tragi-humorous fiasco of 1863. But the repercussions must have been horrendous. And while the younger militants weren't thereby deterred from submitting work to the Salon, we may well suppose that the collapse of this democratic scheme quickened in their minds the impulse toward concerted independent effort. Incubation covered a full decade, during which period the little group of artists with which we are concerned gradually took form, hampered though progress in this direction was, at one stage, by war and the revolution that changed France from a monarchy to a republic.

But long ere that, preliminary matters such as meeting and discussing art and discovering common interests had been under way. Camille Pissarro, Claude Monet, Renoir, Degas, Sisley, Cézanne, ultimately the adored Edouard Manet and others of more or less kindred spirit laid the foundation of what they did not then realize was to be a movement of immense and far-reaching consequence.

II

The passage of time tends always to telescope, condense, synthesize and greatly simplify our conception of events viewed in retrospect. We inevitably lose so much. Details are missing, and even important issues to which such details contributed grow hazy. It would be impossible now, I'm afraid,

[1] *Modern French Painters*, by R. H. Wilenski, New York. Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., 1940.

for anyone to piece together a full and in the minutest degree accurate report of developments that led up to the first Impressionist exhibition, held in 1874. An inclusive record such as that would cover the germinating decade, and to it we should want added, of course, as full and minute and accurate a report covering the decade that followed, with its triumphs and its setbacks, its slow and often painful success in breaking down barriers of critical and popular disesteem. I don't believe that any two published accounts of the establishment and growth of the Impressionist movement would be found in complete agreement, except with respect to the dates of the joint Impressionist exhibitions, which are, of course, ascertainable.[1]

We have, indeed, the paintings themselves, or at least many of them, scattered though they are across the world; and these constitute a report such as could never be paralleled or approached in words. All the same, what wouldn't we give now to be able, so to speak, to listen back to—or have in some miraculous way recorded for our better understanding of what took place—those endless talks in the Café Guerbois and in congenial salons and studios where, night after night, the artists were wont to assemble! There we might hear eagerly propounded and discussed the latest theories—some of them wild enough, no doubt, but others destined in time to help revolutionize the realm of painting. The air was electric with portents of change: changing attitudes toward what had been, fresh evaluations, curt denials, enthusiastic concurrence. The younger artists were rapidly outgrowing what as students they had been taught; the elder what until then may well have seemed inevitable. Just as Romanticism had succeeded Classicism, only to be outmoded by Realism, so Realism, our artists became increasingly persuaded, might be approached in ways of which Courbet, for example, had never dreamed. It was as if Nature, outspread on every side, waited invitingly and challengingly to be explored anew.

Nor was this terrific insurgent energy expended just in talk. Though they might for a time continue to send to the august Salon pictures less radical and therefore more likely of acceptance, the artists who composed the slowly crystallizing group were engaged in active experimentation. They had hit upon the idea that objects in Nature could be portrayed not as they were *known* to be, but as they *appeared*. Expressed in words that idea might be dismissed as mere childish quibbling by the diehard pillars of the Salon; but as carried out in practice it proved to make an enormous difference—especially since, from the official standpoint, insult was added to injury by the Impressionists' proposing that the only way this could be done was to go right out into the fields or streets and paint there, on the spot, the "impression" that chance might offer.

Of course to us today there seems nothing in the least injurious or insulting or even mildly radical about such an approach to Nature. But it shouldn't require much use of the imagination to perceive why the conservative Paris art world of the 60's and 70's was so scandalized. Everybody would admit that light was a fine thing (though perhaps too commonplace to warrant spending a great deal of thought upon). But for an artist deliberately to set out, as the English author Eric G. Underwood has phrased it, "to paint things as he saw them, nine-tenths of what is seen as one passes hurriedly through life being rapid 'impressions' and not detailed 'visions'"[2]—that amounted to disruptive heresy and could not be tolerated. To be thus governed by the transitory effects of light, as observed just by chance on chance objects, meant that the artist could at best produce a mere trifling sketch. And anyone

[1] Mr. Wilenski, in the book previously mentioned (*op. cit.*, p. 8) has made the most monumental effort of which I am cognizant to reconstruct the Impressionist drama, in its complexity, its multiple ramifications.

[2] *A Short History of French Painting*, by Eric G. Underwood, London. The Oxford University Press, 1931.

must be quite out of his mind who expected the authoritarians of the Salon to hang a quick daub such as that beside a true Parnassian "vision," a studied sublimity by, for instance, Jean Léon Gérôme.

This "sketch" phase of Impressionism is the first that should be studied, though other and less simple phases will have to be dealt with as we proceed. It is related that, when asked which he considered the most important figure in one of his canvases, Edouard Manet replied: "The most important person in any picture is the light." That may be deemed typical of the new approach to Nature sponsored by the Impressionists. Yet, prior to the period we are now traversing, Manet had been anything but an out-of-door "sketcher," just taking the light as it was and noting what it did to objects. Paintings such as *The Guitarist* and the *Boy with a Sword*, in the Metropolitan Museum, are thoroughly—or seem thoroughly to us today—in the old Realist tradition. So, relatively speaking (though they were once radical enough in technique and theme alike to foment riots), are certain later works of Manet's, exemplified by the already mentioned *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*, which in modern guise paraphrases Giorgione,[1] and the *Olympia*, both now in the Louvre. Manet was at first greatly influenced by old masters in the museums, especially the Spanish masters, Velasquez and Goya. It was only afterward that he took up more spontaneous methods and painted, for example, the *Bateau de Folkestone* (in 1869, five years before the Impressionists held their first exhibition); later on, *Argenteuil* (1875) and *Le Linge*, rejected by the Salon in 1876.

Rapid summary "impressions," to which the artists of the group increasingly addressed their efforts, constituted the hallmark of Impressionism at the outset; and Claude Monet held to this sort of thing all the rest of his life. The term itself, Impressionism, was not, we know, "thought up" and in a dignified way adopted. Nothing like that. It was instead coined in a mood of impromptu spoofing by a French newspaper writer who, visiting the initial exhibition in 1874 and finding there a picture by Monet called *Impression: soleil levant*, mockingly alluded to the entire group as *Impressioniste*. The *nom de guerre* caught on and stuck, being ultimately—though not without strong individual objections—accepted by the group itself.[2]

But the extremes to which Impressionism was to be carried are scarcely implicit in Manet's innocent enough, if clever and even daring, allusion to light as "the most important person in any picture." You might be vitally interested in light—as Rembrandt was, or Vermeer, or the Impressionists' own contemporary, Corot—and yet spend months or years on a single canvas. Not so the Impressionists in their heyday as a group. They considered it not only logical but almost *de rigueur* to complete a picture at a sitting. When this could not possibly be done, then work would be resumed on a subsequent day when the light effects approximated those previously studied.

So light was the chief protagonist. And the Impressionists would find themselves feverishly, or at least very industriously, running a race with light, or a race against time. It was wonderful. The lengths to which such practice might be pushed seem often ludicrous now. Poor Claude Monet. It is even recorded that at one stage of his earnest scientific researches he would set up several easels and dart, hot-footed, from one to another as the light changed, thus striving to make each "impression" scientifically exact—as in the series of fifteen or so paintings devoted to haystacks, or again to the cathedral façades. It never seemed to bore him, this oft-repeated preoccupation with the same subject. Well, he would no doubt argue that actually it wasn't the same subject, for the "subject," mind you,

[1] It is also based, so far as the general composition is concerned, on a sixteenth-century engraving after Raphael.

[2] Other modern movements have acquired their "tags" in much the same way. I don't recall who, around 1906, referred to Henri Matisse and his co-workers as *Fauves* (or wild beasts), but I believe it was Matisse himself who, turning the tables later on, coined the term Cubism, in reference to certain early abstract ventures by Picasso and Braque. Italian Futurism, on the other hand (which developed concurrently with French Cubism) appears to have been baptized with solemn rites in Signor Marinetti's politico-aesthetic Manifesto. As a "tag" it has always seemed to me peculiarly unilluminating and inept. Surprising, by the way, how many people today misapply the term Futurist to anything and everything that is deemed radically "modern."

wasn't the "object," but only the chance effect of light upon a surface. And while other artists through the centuries had somehow succeeded in doing much the same thing without making the object itself a mere spineless and evanescent vassal, such procedure was not for Monet and his friends, because Impressionism was something quite "different." Either you painted shimmer or you stopped being an Impressionist.

Although the sovereign interest resided not in forms themselves (certainly not, so far as Monet was increasingly concerned, in what we call "form"), shadows cast by light-bathed objects assumed immense importance too. The shadow—no longer black or gray, but now a color complement, or blue on snow, or what not—was more important than the object responsible for it, and as important, I should say, as the surface shimmer. All this, to be sure, transcended (or evaded) mere aesthetics because it was "scientific." These "scientific discoveries in physics," encouraged by what the Impressionists read in books by Helmholtz and Chevreul,[1] we may suppose to have been looked upon as to some extent constituting a kind of basis for more essentially creative expression ahead. But for several of the Impressionists, Claude Monet in particular, "science" remained pretty much the prima donna right through. Charles Marriott, perhaps upon the whole justly, has referred to the Impressionist approach as "biased vision in the most extreme sense of the words," adding that it was "nothing but the scientific materialism of the nineteenth century carried to its logical conclusion in the art of painting."[2]

IV

Now all this (combined with the "broken color" or "divisionist" angle, of which I shall presently speak) had not mushroomed between dusk and dawn, however rich and conducive to such growth the artistic soil of France may be. The development, as I have pointed out, spread itself over a period of years. And it involved, besides, research conducted elsewhere than just at home. A few of the French artists engaged in making these "scientific discoveries in physics" visited England and stood transfixed before paintings by Turner and Constable. What transfixed them had to do with innovations in brushwork and "luminosity of color" arrived at through methods that must, in part at least, have appeared unique.

As a matter of fact, however, such qualities or directions in painting are to be remarked, now in this form and now in that, far earlier. With respect to "loose" or "free" brushwork, quintessential to Impressionist open-air sketching, such, if in comparatively moderate degree, is to be traced back to the Renaissance Venetians. Much late work by Titian and Tintoretto exemplifies this trait. Then, if preponderantly Expressionist, the amazing seventeenth-century Italian Magnasco—his fantasies crackling like electricity, reeling with splintered light—must be deemed a distant forerunner of Impressionism, too. In Magnasco's pictures "the paint itself performs an eerie magic, emerging from the depths of mystery into luminous passages where it swirls, halts, darts forward, in a passion of *brevi tocchi*, slashing across the canvas with the prestigious effect of a juggler's knives."[3]

The Spanish Greco, likewise, notably in a painting such as the famous *View of Toledo* in the Metropolitan Museum, combines with Expressionist mysticism more than a hint of summary atmospheric shorthand. There are prescient notes too—especially with respect to the treatment of landscape or landscape background—in the technique of eighteenth-century English portrait painters.

[1] One of Chevreul's books consulted by the Impressionists, it seems, is entitled *De la loi du contraste simultané des couleurs* (1839).

[2] *Modern Movements in Painting*, by Charles Marriott, 1920.

[3] From W. Gaunt's brilliant and fascinating book, *Bandits in a Landscape* (New York. The Studio Publications, Inc., 1937). Mr. Gaunt furthers perhaps a sense of kinship on the "impression" or "sketch" side, with this: "When the Emperor Charles VI was to pass through Milan on his way from Spain to Austria, Magnasco, along with other artists, was required to furnish a picture for the welcoming decorations. He left it to the night before; then dashed it off, and it was hung to the general applause while still wet."

Relevances may also be found among the French court painters of the same century. Indeed, stating the case as broadly as possible, I might submit that Impressionism, of a sort, began when brushstrokes first were left visible, contrasting, say, with the smooth, unbroken, enamel-like polish of Renaissance Primitives in Italy, France, Germany, Flanders, or contrasting with characteristic work by Dutch seventeenth-century "masters in little."[1]

The nineteenth century also furnishes French analogies of the sort we have been tracing. Jacques Louis David, responsible for the cult of cold and austere Classicism, belonged to the vanishing-brushstroke school and doesn't count, so far as we are here concerned. But Géricault represents a powerful link between the Classical approach and that of the upsurging Romantics. When his tragically brief career ended he had not yet quite made up his mind whether to renounce altogether the classical ideal. Géricault, had he lived, would perhaps have been the supreme Romanticist. At any rate, our Impressionists had plenty to learn from Romanticism, as exemplified with such fire and verve by Delacroix. True, the Impressionists looked upon themselves as the New Realists, and therefore would not be in sympathy with the thematic extravagances of Delacroix and others connected with the Romanticist movement. Yet technically Delacroix, like Constable and Turner, must have proved more congenial than Courbet, arch-Realist though he had been esteemed.

The great Corot, a contemporary of the Impressionists (he died in 1875, a year after their first exhibition) by all means reveals apposite traits: the lightness and elusive atmospheric sketchiness of his so-called "feathery" style. Corot's other style, the "classical," must often have seemed, if the Impressionists paused to consider it, a rebuke; for what luminousness he could ensnare within a landscape quite "flatly" painted, technically not Impressionistic in the very least! Corot was opposed to painting in the open air. He told Renoir, who had turned to him with some problem, that one could never be sure what one was doing under such conditions. It was all right, of course, for studies; but those had to be worked over indoors. I do not know to what extent the Impressionists were stirred by Monticelli's "crushed jewels" and smoldering "jets of flame." Vincent van Gogh refers to Monticelli several times in the letters to his brother Théo. As for Eugène Boudin, he is definitely an immediate precursor, with his exquisitely atmospheric little paintings of sea and peopled *plage*. It was he who befriended and encouraged the youthful Monet. Indeed, Boudin even took part in the first Impressionist exhibition, representing the "older generation."

V

As we have seen, the Impressionists, with their developing theories of light and color, felt themselves equipped to open up, "realistically," a brave new world. One aspect of their approach to Nature has been examined at some length; and were that the whole story, then Impressionism would be a comparatively simple matter. But the instant recording of "effects" involved more than just a speed-tormented flinging of paint. This "sketching" of theirs, in field and garden and street, under the open sky, wasn't technically quite so guileless and slap-happy as the guardians of the Salon and a bewildered public may have supposed.

To achieve the degree of surface and atmospheric vivacity sought (let the object itself fare as it

[1]We should not fail to note, however, that the celebrated Vermeer of seventeenth-century Holland had at least two distinct brush methods. Himself a disciple of light, he would paint his interior scenes with a cool, lambent perfection of finish, concealing the brushstrokes and leaving a beautifully wrought smooth surface. But in the small *Girl with a Red Hat* in the National Gallery at Washington he makes use of a different technique, oddly Impressionist, the contours of the figure softly blurred, visible brushstrokes creating a texture quite at variance with that above described. There is perhaps even a third manner, more gently glowing than the first, yet with as much "finish"—exemplified by the wonderful small *Lady Writing*, long in the Pierpont Morgan Collection and now owned by Sir Harry and Lady Oakes.

might) our Impressionists adopted the device of the "divided tone." Theoretically, at least, they adopted also the device of "broken color." That is to say, two pure colors would be stroked on in such a way that, admitting "air" between the parallel strokes, the colors themselves should merge to form a third—purer, in turn, than any that could be got by mixing paint on the palette board. Yes, what the Impressionists in pursuit of this phase of their theory strove to do was mix colors *in the air*, or, if you like (since the whole thing is really optical illusion), in the eye of the beholder.

It will be unnecessary for us to run through the whole chart of possible color combinations. In theory all colors save the three "primaries" could be thus produced, though I doubt very much whether the full potentiality of the color chart was ever put to the test. The Impressionists, for all their theorizing, weren't *that* thorough. It might be well at this point just to mention in passing that critics, in their zeal to expound, seem not always to have used their own eyes. I once read somewhere that to get their "air-blended" green the Impressionists would juxtapose strokes of pure yellow and pure blue. We know, of course, that green derives from those two primaries; but the Impressionists, to the best of my knowledge, never went to that trouble. Instead they used plain green paint, lots and lots of it, either right out of tubes or mixed on the palette board. They used green just as if it were a primary.

And with that it would be splitting hairs to quarrel. Whether they spent all the effort that might have been spent in making two colors mix in the air (or in the eye) to produce a third, the Impressionists knew that even if strokes of the same color, any color, were laid side by side they might tend to create optically blended *tones* that didn't actually appear on the canvas when it was studied at close range. To get the proper effect of these "effects," a spectator must stand far off. Everything depended on that. Look at an Impressionist picture while standing only a foot or so away from it, and the whole thing will seem just a chaotic mess of paint (the same is true of much Expressionistic painting). Distance can make all the difference in the world. And that, I feel pretty sure, is one reason why the Impressionists had such hard sledding at first. People were accustomed to art that, whether sublime or meretricious, could be "understood" even if you leaned an elbow on the frame.

The least we can say in behalf of the Impressionist theories is that they are ingenious. Even as tentatively or incompletely put into practice, they represent a definite technical contribution. The fact that I never seemed able to find an Impressionist painting in which those complicated paint theories were honored less in the breach than the observance disturbed me, once, a good deal. The characteristic short brushstrokes would generally be there (though some passages might look perilously "flat"); and by putting a bit of pressure on the imagination you could feel a breeze blowing through the interstices, warmed by sun or cooled by shade. The effect would be often vivacious and charming—now and then even "realistic." I came to suspect that the optical "mixing," so long discussed and supposedly so prime a factor, had assumed an exaggerated importance in people's minds. All the same, on the technical side something new and stimulating and potentially valuable had been introduced. Certainly it played the very devil with the dreary "brown sauce" of the academies. And that triumph could not be deemed negligible.

I think no one will now dispute the argument that Georges Seurat, whom we aptly call a Pointillist, much more nearly attained true application of the broken color or divisionist theory than did any of the Impressionists preceding him. In Seurat's canvases the seemingly innumerable tiny dots or dabs or points of color were placed in laborious pursuance of a precise plan. Seurat's method of painting was a science of midnight oil rather than a method that invited sunstroke. His results are cool, or even sternly cold. Yet, working tirelessly in the studio, from quick sketches, he did succeed, as the Impressionists often did not, in so blending colors and shades in the air as to envelop his forms in a finely distributed shimmer of appropriate tonalities.

VI

But now we come to a fresh aspect, which can help us assign Impressionism to its proper niche and perhaps even convince us that, as the Impressionists in their ardent early efforts sought to apply it, this "science" was, in itself, no more than a bag of tricks. As someone has phrased it, "the tricks of art were greater than the work of art." I have just alluded to Seurat and his system of dots, and must try now to make it clear that Seurat's true achievement as a painter depends not at all, or slenderly, upon Pointillism (*petit-point*, Renoir, with gentle malice, used to call it) but instead upon Seurat's unerring sense of architectonic form. Pointillism does indeed come to full fruition in his masterpiece, the *Dimanche d'été à la Grande Jatte*, owned by the Chicago Art Institute; but form is the sovereign element there, as in everything Seurat did. Some may even feel that this new architectural classicism of his (amounting, it has been contended, to an actual revolt against Impressionism) was hindered rather than helped by the technical method employed. That remains a matter of opinion. The neatly and densely sewn points of paint, while they may not rouse us to ecstasy, at the same time don't occasion disaster. For my part, I like Seurat just as he is: a Pointillist who—fanatically, if you will—honored "science" to the last dot, but who, with brilliant originality and cunning, kept this peculiar paint method subservient to the formal creative idea; made it a vehicle of expression, not a *sine qua non*.

As we can plainly see, "form" played no part in the Impressionist theories proper. Yet form is an everlastingly sovereign art principle, which an artist, when he does so, discards at his own risk. We have observed how in their single-track heyday the Impressionists glorified "chance," expending their effort with lavish disregard for elements other than the vagrant effects created by light. That is all very well by way of exploring the resources of a technical theory, but what work of art ever produced has been great by virtue alone of the technique displayed? We seek in a work of art much more than that. We seek something that science, or technique, could never by itself supply. There is no doubt, says Wilhelm Uhde,

> that Impressionism brought with it an enrichment of the means available for painting. But this excursion into the open air and the sunlight was a costly undertaking for those who took part in it. * * * No one can maintain that in this way something better took the place of that which had become old-fashioned, nor would any one dare to assert that Rembrandt is inferior to the Impressionists because he painted "dark," whereas they painted "light." Impressionism is merely the expression, impossible to assess, of a certain epoch, preceded and followed by other modes of expression. *The value of Impressionism is in relation to the value of the artists who practiced it.*[1] [Italics mine.]

VII

In the last sentence quoted resides, really, the crux of the matter. Everything that is really vital depends upon the quality of the artist himself. So from this point forward we should, I think, direct our attention to the aims and the development of a few individual artists who, because they belonged to the original group or were subsequently associated with it, are called Impressionists. The work of these artists we know, of course, intimately; but, as I mentioned in the beginning, doubt and perhaps even flat disagreement persist when it comes to attempting to place them within or without the Impressionist category. The application of "tags," as I have remarked, is a matter of convenience; yet once affixed, a tag is hard to shake loose, and sometimes later on as hard to justify.

Three or four years ago this very issue was raised apropos of an exhibition at the Durand-Ruel Gallery in New York. The exhibition was challengingly entitled *The Four Great Impressionists*. I cannot say that I was kept in suspense, for the gallery announcement, sent prior to the opening of the

[1] *The Impressionists*, text by Wilhelm Uhde, Vienna: The Phaidon Press. New York: Oxford University Press, 1937.

exhibition, named the protagonists: Cézanne, Degas, Manet and Renoir. It turned out that much of the assembled work was extremely fine, and in reporting the event I stressed this fact for dear life, meanwhile laying about in my mind in an effort to determine how most tactfully, and at the time firmly, I might in turn challenge the appropriateness of the banner beneath which the work of these four French artists was presented. For it struck me straight off that not one of them is now prominently associated in our thoughts with Impressionism. And behold! they were brought forward as "the four great Impressionists."

The lifted eyebrow mirrored in my first notice of the show was frowned upon with flatteringly prompt asperity by a correspondent. He did not insist that the artists in question should be esteemed "the four great Impressionists"; but—not even Impressionists . . .?

> I have always understood [my correspondent wrote] that at least two of the painters mentioned were in the forefront of the Impressionist movement, namely Manet and Renoir. Other Impressionists were Monet, Sisley and Pissarro. It is true, Cézanne was a Post-Impressionist, and Degas, as you say, bears some relation to the movement. But [and here references in several art histories were cited] to say that Renoir and Manet were not of the Impressionist School is sacrilege!

In a subsequent and longer notice I tried to mollify the correspondent, whose objection had been quite legitimate. Indeed, I had meant no harm; certainly not sacrilege. To tell the truth, I had never felt that it gravely mattered what our academic classifications were so long as we didn't—and this was the important thing—so long as we didn't fail to recognize the true quality of a work of art, however classified.[1]

The gentleman who wrote in so zealously and promptly was right in saying that Manet and Renoir "were in the forefront of the Impressionist movement." He would have been quite as justified in saying that Cézanne and Degas were also, and Pissarro and Sisley as well. According to the records (though I have noted the fact that records are often at variance), Monet, Renoir, Cézanne, Pissarro, Sisley, Guillaumin, Degas, Berthe Morisot, Boudin and several other artists all participated in the first Impressionist exhibition, held in 1874 in studios in the Boulevard des Capucines. It was there that Monet's *Impression: soleil levant* occasioned the derisive naming of the group. The second Impressionist exhibition was held two years later, at Durand-Ruel's in Paris, the third in 1877, the fourth in 1879, etc. There were eight of these group exhibitions in all—the last in 1886. The roster was constantly changing: some of the leading figures would show, others would abstain. As I make it out, Edouard Manet, though in a sense the pivot on which the whole Impressionist movement turned, didn't actually take part in any of the Impressionist exhibitions.[2]

VIII

But it may be one thing to be identified with an art movement, even enthusiastically identified with it, and quite another thing fully to accept or even tentatively to follow painting methods that such identification connotes. I have already referred to the complete neglect of design as implicit in Impressionist formulae. Yet most of the artists who organized or played leading parts in the Impressionist movement had previously evidenced in their work a keen respect for form, and some of them never succeeded in making it play second fiddle to surface and atmospheric brush music.

[1] Katherine: * * * And if you please to call it [the sun] a rush candle, henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
—Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, Act 4, Sc. 5.

[2] So, at least, one gathers from the detailed accounts of those exhibitions (*op. cit.*, p. 8) by Mr. Wilenski, upon whose facts I have found it safe to rely.

Though Manet was an Impressionist pioneer, many of his outstanding canvases (all of the early ones) combined Realism and a type of Romanticism, conveyed in terms of flatly painted areas. What helped make some of them startling and, at the time, sensational and offensive, was the fact that his brilliantly orchestrated contrasting colors would be juxtaposed without modulation. He did, it is true, paint pictures very much in the Impressionist manner; but there will generally be remarked a "difference," based on traits that belonged exclusively to his brush. There again we find ourselves considering, first and foremost, the artist himself, apart from any affiliations into which he may enter or any influences that may affect his work.

When I think of Manet's career as a whole, I am never tempted to classify him as an Impressionist. Impressionism did indeed have a vital bearing on much of his later work. It served to lighten his palette and tended to break up the more sustained harmonies of the earlier days. In some of the late canvases (not, however, the superb culminating *Bar aux Folies-Bergère*) it has struck me that Manet might be in process of becoming, through Impressionism, an Expressionist. And as I long ago suggested elsewhere, these two modes, Impressionism and Expressionism, differ in one salient regard: whereas Impressionism sets out to reproduce fleeting effects in Nature as observed by the physical eye, Expressionism is concerned with what is seen, so to speak, with the eye of the mind. One mode is confined to the realm of direct ocular vision; the other to vision as based on thought, as irradiated with intellectual and emotional ideas. We might, simplifying, say that Impressionism is purely visual, Expressionism largely psychological.

As for Degas, I must come out with it bluntly and say that he was never an Impressionist at all—unless to the extent that in his later ballet and bath subjects he concerned himself with general effects rather than with exact, classical drawing of individual forms. The early portraits are sometimes as clear and classically "realistic" as similar themes by Ingres. I am thinking now of portraits such as the fine *Achille de Gas* in the Chester Dale Collection.[1] Among the pictures sent by Degas to the first Impressionist exhibition in 1874 was the lovely *Voiture aux courses*, a painting that, though flooded with light, contains not a trace of "broken color" or "divided tone." It is clear, cool, exquisitely wrought Naturalism, depending at no point upon chance; always upon design worked out in consonance with truth as his eye perceived it. Degas, Daniel Halevy tells us in his preface to a volume of the artist's letters, pursued "a double dream of always more exigent exactitude and always freer invention." This freedom of invention, in oil or pastel as the case might be, grew more and more pronounced as time went on. Impressionism doubtless had something—much, if you like—to do with encouraging that bent. As in the instance of Manet and of other artists, it could impel him to break up the formerly flat surface, to soften and lighten the textures. Perhaps this aspect of the "double dream" would have taken a different turn had he paid no heed to the Impressionist movement, or had Impressionism never been at all.

Yet Degas can positively not, in the true sense, be termed an Impressionist, despite what has just been said and notwithstanding the fact that he exhibited regularly with friends who did espouse the Cause. Degas was always profoundly concerned with formal values, with design. He painted always in the studio. *Plein-air* painting was not for him, any more than it had been for Corot. It is related that Degas would wittily turn up his coat collar when he saw Impressionist pictures such as Monet and Renoir and Pissarro and the rest brought home from the fields. He said he couldn't stand the draft. Besides that, "the reflections in the water hurt my eyes!" "No," he would exclaim, "don't talk to me about the Impressionists!" Vollard[2] quotes this deliciously devastating comment:

[1]Now at the National Gallery in Washington.

[2]*Degas: An Intimate Portrait*, by Ambroise Vollard, New York. Greenberg, Publisher, Inc., 1927.

You know what I think of people who work out in the open. If I were the government I would have a special brigade of gendarmes to keep an eye on artists who paint landscapes from Nature. Oh, I don't mean to kill any one; just a little dose of birdshot now and then as a warning.

IX

With Cézanne the case is very different. And yet he could not be looked upon as an Impressionist either, even had the term Post-Impressionist not been invented to embrace, besides himself, Gauguin, van Gogh and Seurat. After the initial phase of heavy-handed, unresilient, semi-"primitive," oddly Expressionist, often melodramatic palette-knife impasto had been outgrown, Cézanne became an open-air painter, remaining such, at least so far as landscape was concerned, from that time onward. He exhibited with the Impressionists and served as a magnet for the fiercest critical assaults. The art world of Paris rocked with laughter, and at the same time flaunted a right to be deeply incensed. One critic, we are told, diagnosed Cézanne's ailment (assuming that to paint such pictures he must be mentally ill) as delirium tremens. Cézanne's appearances in Impressionist exhibitions attracted, one is happy to note, some evaluations more encouraging. But, a hermit at the core, he eventually retired to his native Aix, where he could paint in peace, tormented only by the "divine rage" consequent upon repeated failure to "realize" in paint the grand and lofty ideals toward which he strove.

Cézanne was not an Impressionist, though he was for a while deeply interested in Impressionist theories, and even, for a couple of years in the early 70's, tried diligently to put them to work, guided by his good friend Pissarro.[1] Cézanne's landscapes of that period reveal marked proof of a tutelage sincerely and patiently sustained. He learned to use the little short brushstrokes, the complex purpose of which has ere this been analyzed. He tried to see only the shimmer of light on surfaces. But vision of a deeper and more eternal sort kept getting in the way.

Not for him, at length, the *sforzando* of the rapid sketch, the speed-mad race against time to capture fleeting effects of Nature. Cézanne could not stifle his innate passion for form, for the establishment in a canvas of formal relationships. Cézanne was a classicist, though dedicated to the honest task of seeing with his own eyes what had never, in just that way, been seen before. He could humbly speak of repainting Poussin "according to Nature," but his quest was in truth far more personal than that. As for the Impressionist method of seeing and recording, that, manifestly, would be too narrow to engage his attention for long. Yet it was destined to leave its certain mark, too, lightening (as again in Manet's case) the palette, and contributing in other respects besides to the slow evolution of an individual style. Afterward he said that he wanted to make of Impressionism "something solid, like the art of the museums." What it really amounted to was a renunciation of Impressionism, for one does not turn shimmer into the rock it chances for a little while to envelop.

Camille Pissarro not only helped organize the Impressionist movement; he was a pretty consistent Impressionist, in work that followed an early darker phase to some extent influenced by Corot. But even Pissarro was a true Impressionist only in certain respects and up to a certain point. That Impressionism could not permanently hold Cézanne was due to no lack of "science" on Pissarro's part or on Monet's. Yet although Pissarro did not, like Cézanne, break away, his work as an Impressionist painter displays a quality similar to that that impelled Cézanne's defection. I refer to Pissarro's strong sense of architectonic values: a sense so strong, indeed, that I have often wondered whether Pissarro may not have contributed to Cézanne's *ultimate* development as well. Like Cézanne—and like Seurat,

[1]This period of transition is unforgettably described in one of the most perceptive and moving books on the artist that I have read: *Cézanne*, by Julius Meier-Graefe, published (1927) in London by Ernest Benn, Ltd., and in New York by Charles Scribner's Sons.

whose Pointillism he for a time emulated—Pissarro went beyond the narrow formulae sponsored by Impressionism. So, if less emphatically, did Sisley. Even Claude Monet, staunch and obdurate arch-Impressionist that he remained to the end of his days, must have experienced stabs of misgiving as, allegiant to that science of surface effects, he gave form the go-by.

X

Such qualms would seem but natural when we remember that in his early work Monet painted solidly and opaquely, in a manner somewhat reminiscent of Courbet. Form was then deemed by him a prime requisite. Even as late as 1872 Monet painted the striking *Déchargeurs de charbon, Argenteuil*, a canvas that, despite its evidence of development along Impressionist lines, is powerfully organized—the firm horizontal of the bridge at the top, and below a counterpoint of oblique thrusts supplied by a line of barges and the again divergent set of planks upon which laborers, architecturally spaced in the taut design, trudge shoreward with their loads. But form grows, in Monet's work, to be a factor less and less respected. It dissolves, evaporates, leaving only the diffused broken shimmer. Impressionism, as carried to this uncompromising extreme, submitted to the eye no more than an endless "interchange of dancing reflections, tangled and indivisible, wherein," as Elie Faure[1] saw it, "form hesitates and is submerged in the tide of the universe."

Monet's goal and Cézanne's seem poles asunder, as step by step we follow their patient striving. Yet it is curious to observe with what relentless logic the two quests led, though in opposite directions, toward abstraction. In Cézanne's case it was abstraction approximated by means of more and more drastic simplification of the forms of nature, out of which Cubism was later to grow. In Monet's art, particularly during his last years, the very science to which so long before he had wedded his brush, underwent a kind of transfiguration. In the garden at Giverny, apotheosis became just a vague swirl of color, so deciduous that it may be mistaken for the sun-released perfume of water lilies. With what mystical ardor Debussy and Maeterlinck must have responded to all this. . . .

Even were there no substantiating records, we should guess at once that Renoir had played a part in the Impressionist movement. And while the "science" of Impressionism could no more satisfy and confine an artist of his stature than it could satisfy and confine Cézanne, still the benefits were real and lasting. But here once more it is the quality of the artist himself that counts. And in true greatness Renoir stands second to no artist of the nineteenth century. His art may indeed confess influences; its essential quality remains unique: radiant and warm and unwithheld. He took from Impressionism, to the development of which he had himself signally contributed, what he saw to be of abiding worth, and then moved on into a sunlit sphere where forms, ceasing to be mere scintillant surfaces, were instead joyous, pulsing mysteries that waited to be searched. In some of his magnificent nudes, glow seems positively to emanate from within, merging harmoniously with the light that bathes the forms. This almost miraculous fusion is emphasized in certain canvases produced after the turn of the century, and appears responsible for the quality of "breathing flesh," to which I have so often alluded.

We needn't take too solemnly all of his dry, caustic disparagements of Impressionist approach and practice as set down by Vollard.[2] Having a sense of humor, Renoir, we may suppose, delighted in extravagant statements that sometimes palpably overshot the mark. But in the enunciation of broad fundamentals his words, as quoted by Vollard, are impressive:

> Always this mania for imposing a lot of rigid formulae and processes on the painter! To conform with the rules we should all have to have the same palette—socialism in art, eh? Painting in twenty-five lessons!

[1] *Modern Art*, the fourth volume in Elie Faure's monumental *History of Art*, published by Harper & Brothers in 1924.
[2] *Renoir: An Intimate Record*, by Ambroise Vollard, New York. Alfred A. Knopf, 1925.

* * * The truth is that in painting, as in the other arts, there's not a single process, no matter how insignificant, which can reasonably be made into a formula. * * * The "scientific" artists thought they had discovered a truth once they had learned that the juxtaposition of yellow and blue gives violet shadows. But even when you know that, you still don't know anything. There is something in painting which cannot be explained, and that something is the essential. You come to Nature with your theories, and she knocks them all flat.

XI

Such indeed seems to be the fate of theories in general, however real may appear their serviceability at given times and with respect to individuals. If not with the cold intellectual detachment of Seurat, both Vincent van Gogh and Paul Gauguin were given to theorizing. Both admitted into their art a strong infiltration of Impressionism; both swept on into the now so-called Post-Impressionist realm; and each, in the end, attained greatness by expressing himself uniquely.

Paul Gauguin and Vincent van Gogh were alike deeply interested in the Impressionist theories. Gauguin even exhibited several times with the Impressionists, and his painting up to 1887 or thereabouts evidences his relationship to the group. Thereafter he veered off into realms of Symbolism and gradually developed the style of "flat" paint values and rhythmic design by which we know him best today. It represented a complete turnabout. Van Gogh, arriving in Paris in 1886 with what may be termed a potato palette, quickly became a convert to Impressionism. Color leapt to his brush and did not desert it through the four remaining years of his tragic life. While aspects of the Impressionist approach persisted in his work, Vincent, tortured by hallucinations and ravaged by spells of madness increasingly violent, painted visions that are perhaps, in general terms, best described as Expressionist. Like Gauguin's, his art was suffused with a decorative quality, which did not figure at all in the formulae of the Impressionists. Both van Gogh and Gauguin attained this, though in drastically unrelated ways, through use of stylization. As he settled into his semi-mystical symbolic expression—painting, in the South Seas, ideas that were related though certainly not confined to "reality"—Gauguin retained in his work, at length, no vestige of Impressionism. Light remained, for van Gogh, a compellingly sovereign force to the end, and he no doubt thought that even the most vivid and savage and over-wrought products of his brush dealt with "effects" of Nature, optically observed. Yet to us today his late canvases seem drenched not so much with clear sunlight as with an incandescent frenzy that consumed him within.

Neither Lautrec nor Forain, among the contemporary artists of the period we are considering, was an Impressionist, although the latter participated in one or two of the Impressionist exhibitions. Forain's first appearance with the group occurred, I believe, in 1879. His paintings that I have seen, while able and charming and often very adroit, cannot compare in expressiveness and poignancy with his drawings and etchings; the powerful linear expression in black and white helped carry forward, though in a subtler and more delicate way, the great tradition of Daumier and Gavarni.

Much closer to Degas, whom he profoundly respected, than to any of the actual Impressionists, Toulouse-Lautrec stands alone also. He had his Impressionist fling, to be sure, though the painting methods sponsored by his friends in the group are not such as could conceivably have served his own peculiar outlook and purposes for long. It was a transient experience. Light, for Lautrec, presented no interest *per se*. Changing light and the "effects" it created meant nothing to him, except, we may suppose, when he was briefly under the Impressionist spell. As an article of faith "he believed in the absolute supremacy of the human being," observes Jacques Lassaigne, who in a recent monograph[1] sug-

[1] *Toulouse-Lautrec*, by Jacques Lassaigne, translated from the French by Mary Chamot. The Hyperion Press, 1939.

gests with clarity and persuasiveness Lautrec's own deep-rooted attitude toward light. For him it "could play but one part, that of illuminating as clearly and directly as possible." All he asked of light was that it "remain fixed and leave his vision unchanged."

XII

By the end of the 80's new currents of art were making themselves felt in Paris. The Salon des Indépendants was in full swing, and Gauguin and others had formed what was known as "Le Groupe Symboliste et Synthétiste." It was at an exhibition held by this group that the lifelong friends Pierre Bonnard and Edouard Vuillard (then aged 22) saw and were deeply impressed with work by Gauguin, who had shaken off Impressionism. This contact seems to have had an important bearing on the immediate development of the two young painters, although their ultimate development ran not at all parallel to Gauguin's. Impressionism had its influence too, especially on Bonnard, even if his taste *was* catholic enough, at one period, to embrace Puvis de Chavannes, Lautrec, Whistler, Manet, Renoir.[1]

With the Symbolist and Synthetist group Odilon Redon was affiliated. This was natural, considering his strongly mystical bent. Redon, though a contemporary, bore no relationship to the Impressionist movement, unless it be, so to speak, in reverse. In his hauntingly original way he may be looked upon as a precursor of Surrealism. There has always seemed to me to be some sort of nebulous bond between the art of Odilon Redon and that of Eugène Carrière—perhaps chiefly because there is in both a mysterious brooding quality. Carrière's touching and sometimes poignantly expressed forms are glimpsed as through a spiritual—not an Impressionist—mist.

On the other hand, Berthe Morisot and Mary Cassatt were definitely part of the Impressionist movement itself. They carry us back, with a concluding flourish, into the heart of the turmoil that brought Impressionism into public scrutiny. While Mary Cassatt began showing with the group a little later on, Berthe Morisot was identified with it in the early formative days of the 60's. She helped lay plans for the first Impressionist exhibition in 1874, to which a dozen of her canvases were contributed. Berthe Morisot studied for a time with Corot, who was then near the close of his distinguished career; but her mature style, charming and often spiritedly personal, is based on that of Manet, whose pupil she became in 1868. It was his later and freer type of brushwork that attracted her; this she adapted to her own creative purposes with a genuine flair.

As in Berthe Morisot's case, Mary Cassatt's style developed in consonance with that of a master whose vision, taste and painting methods most appealed to her. The influence of Degas is to be detected: his fluent integrity of draftsmanship, his unswerving steadfastness with respect to form. But, again like Berthe Morisot's, Mary Cassatt's style grew to be distinctive, and is most markedly so in her numerous canvases depicting mother-and-child themes. As must be expected, considering the long artistic affiliation with Degas, her painting comes but slenderly within the orbit of Impressionism proper.

POSTLUDE

One aspect of the Impressionist movement has not yet been touched upon. This has to do with the vogue for Japanese art, which lasted in France for a surprisingly long time. There is no direct connection at all, so far as I have been able to make out, between Japanese prints and the bona fide Impressionist procedure. In fact the two seem in most respects antipodal.

[1]These derivations are alluded to by R. H. Wilenski, *op. cit.* p. 8.

Monet paid his tribute by painting the well-known full-length life-size portrait of Mme. Monet as *La Japonaise* dressed in a magnificent kimono and with a background of fancily arranged fans. But in this remarkable portrait, rich in color and texture, there could scarcely be found, I think, many traces of Impressionist approach or technique.

Japanese prints are stylized and adhere rigidly to a tradition of formal values (which Whistler softened, misted, sometimes sentimentalized, to fit his taste). Degas, of course, would and did find plenty to interest him in Oriental art, because of its insistence upon form, design. Nor is it in the least surprising that Paul Gauguin and Toulouse-Lautrec, after they had moved on from Impressionist modes into realms of expression more truly their own, should have responded with enthusiasm to the arts of the East.

All in all, looking back across the years, I seem to find a good deal to justify my having been frequently baffled in attempts to decide just what Impressionism was and what it was not. Well, let us say that it boils down to this: art movements, all of them, embrace discrepancies and apparent contradictions quite as readily as they embody affirmations and practices that are harmoniously explicable, within the category established, and that make for smooth sailing on the part of the commentator. Could the eternal conflict be otherwise, considering the human element involved?

While historians will have always to cope with movements, with epochs, with classifications of various handy sorts, folk in general are inclined to take such things easily, in their stride, or to give no heed to them at all. Critically as well as popularly speaking, it would be a sheer waste of effort to try to determine whether Rouen Cathedral or the British Houses of Parliament ever looked to anyone else the way Monet allegedly saw them; sheer waste to try to check "scientifically" the exact tone of shadows in Impressionist paintings, or count the dots in Pointillism.

Instead we ask ourselves: Does this picture or that seem a true work of art, in the sense that implies enduring values? We shall be able to "place" the artist accordingly. But the evaluation of art takes time. We need grand leisurely perspectives. As Elie Faure[1] observes, "in general the future attends to the reconciliation of the contraries, which," he even goes so far as to suggest, "are only faces of the same reality."

[1]Elie Faure, *op. cit.*, p. 18.

EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL

BIOGRAPHIES

by AIMÉE CRANE

PIERRE BONNARD

THE SON OF a native of Dauphiné and an Alsatian mother, Bonnard was born on October 3, 1867, at Fontenay aux-Roses (Seine). His father was the head of a department in the war office, and entered Pierre at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand for the study of law. In 1889 he started to prepare for his civil service examination in Paris and to attend classes at the Académie Julian with Vuillard, Maurice Denis and Sérusier. He obtained a civil service job and tried to paint at the same time, making his first sale at twenty-two, of a poster for champagne. His early period was devoted to works of a decorative character: painted screens and furniture. In 1891 he exhibited four panels with the Salon des Indépendants. The following year, when Sérusier formed the "Nabis" group, Bonnard and Vuillard became his followers. As the years went by, Bonnard became more and more Impressionistic, being influenced by Manet, Lautrec and Renoir. He made some money designing posters for the *Revue Blanche* and collaborating with Sérusier on stage settings.

At twenty-nine, he had a one-man show at Durand-Ruel of paintings and lithographs. It was successful enough for him to resign his civil service position at the Paris Palais de Justice and to devote all his time to painting. He was invited to the Impressionist exhibitions hung at Tanguy's, Vollard and Boutterville. In 1900 he illustrated with lithographs Verlaine's *Parallèlement*. He was taken up by the dealer Vollard, and in 1904, at the famous 20th Salon des Indépendants Bonnard, with Vuillard and Denis, represented the Nabis' tradition.

Because of his intimate domestic subjects on Parisian life, his Impressionistic studies of small nude figures, and because of his table compositions, which were similar to Renoir's, Bonnard was known as an "Intimist." He was frequently in contact with Picasso and is known to have had a decided influence on Matisse. In 1903 he was one of the founders, with Rouault and Marquet, of the Salon d'Automne. In later years his travels included Belgium, Holland, Germany, Spain and Algeria. He was fond of spending his summers at Montval, near Paris, or at Vernouillet, and his winters on the Riviera or in Provence. He is now living at Le Cannet.

EUGENE BOUDIN

THE SON OF obscure, seafaring people, Boudin was born on July 12, 1824, in Honfleur, Normandy. As a child he was a cabin boy on his father's sloop until his family moved to Le Havre in 1835, where he attended the School of the Friars. He was finally apprenticed to a printer until in 1838 he obtained a position as a clerk in a small shop where artist's materials were sold. The owner presented him with a paintbox which not only started but also decided his future career. It was not long before he owned his own stationery and paint shop and his best customers were LaFarge, Isabey and Millet. The latter gave him his first lesson.

In 1846 he was conscripted but had saved enough money to buy a substitute for 2500 francs. The next year, becoming a serious painter, he went to Paris to study in Isabey's studio and copy at the Louvre. He came home for a short visit and then left for a tour of the north: Dieppe, Arras, and into Belgium where he greatly admired the Dutch and Flemish seventeenth-century painters. He returned

to Paris on a three-year scholarship of 1200 francs a year which the Council of Havre granted him in 1851. His pictures were selling for as low as 25 to 30 francs, frames included. Boudin saved a little money and left for Brittany, where he met his future wife, Marie-Anne Guédès. He painted for a while in Honfleur with his neighbor Isabey, and then left for Havre where he was fortunate in meeting Courbet, who became a close friend and admirer, as indicated by Boudin's diary entry: "A visit from Courbet, he was satisfied, I hope, with all that he saw. If I am to believe him, I must certainly consider myself one of the talented persons of our time. It seemed to him that my painting is too weak in tone; that's true, perhaps, strictly speaking; but he assured me that few people paint as well as I."

In 1860 Boudin was low in funds and sold his first important canvas, *Pardon of St. Anne*, at a ridiculously small price to the Havre Museum. He then left for Trouville to paint with Monet and Jongkind. Boudin was greatly influenced by the latter's work. The next year he finally married Marie-Anne and returned to Paris, commuting to Trouville and Deauville, painting fashionable portraits. His first public sale in Paris in 1868 was successful. Not having had any military training, Boudin saw no reason to stop painting because of the Franco-Prussian War. Ignoring it, he went to Brussels to meet Diaz and other friends. In 1874 he exhibited with the Impressionists. Durand-Ruel became his agents, opening their new galleries on the Boulevard de la Madeleine with a one-man show. His wife died in 1889, and he spent his remaining years traveling through Italy, France and Holland. During this time he received a gold medal at the Universal Exposition, exhibited at the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts and was given the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Because of increasing ill health he visited Antibes, Villefranche and Juan-les-Pins. He died in his villa at Deauville, August 8, 1898.

EUGENE CARRIERE

EUGENE CARRIERE was born at Gournay, near Paris, on January 29, 1849. His youth was spent at Strasbourg, where his drawing talents were confined to the tasks of an assistant to a lithographer, although he was permitted to attend night classes in the Municipal school. The family moved to Saint Quentin in 1867 where he obtained further employment. His visits to the local museum and his admiration for the work of Quentin-Latour fired his enthusiasm to follow art as a career. He had just entered the Ecole des Beaux-Arts when the Franco-Prussian War made it necessary for him to return to Strasbourg to become a soldier. The horrors of the war and prison internment in Dresden reacted on his painting for the rest of his life. In later years he was known as the *"peintre de la misère."* Returning to Paris in 1872 with his mother and family, he continued his studies and tried unsuccessfully for the Prix de Rome. He was never completely himself, but more under the influence of Rembrandt, da Vinci, Michelangelo and the Venetians.

After his marriage in 1877 he went to London for a year. When his first child was born, Velasquez was his primary influence and children his favorite models. He was one of the founders of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts with Puvis de Chavannes, Rodin and others seceding from the Salon des Artistes Français. In order to make enough money to support his family, and since his pictures did not sell very well, he started to teach when he was fifty. The Académie Carrière, an art school similar to the Académie Suisse, was established in 1890. His friends and associates at this time were Cézanne, Verlaine, Redon, Mallarmé and Gauguin. In fact his comment on Gauguin's work became famous: "We did not know how to profit by this genius whose passion for throbbing color might have dowered stained glass windows with glorious flames and spread grand and inspiring harmonies upon our walls." In 1904 Rodin gathered together some friends and admirers of Carrière to honor him with a banquet which has since become historic in the annals of French art. He died in Paris March 27, 1906.

MARY CASSATT

MARY CASSATT was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1845, of parents who were partly of French ancestry. The Cassatt family lived in Paris from 1851 to 1858 and upon their return to the United States, Mary attended the cast-drawing classes at the Philadelphia Academy of Art. But in 1865 she realized that since there were no established art schools in this country, her career would have to be continued abroad. She copied and studied the old masters in all of the museums in Italy. She went on to Madrid and then to Antwerp where she became absorbed in the paintings of Rubens. All during this period, she sent pictures developed in her own style to the Paris Salons where they were consistently accepted. Finally the decision was made to settle in Paris. The family joined her in the studio at 10 Rue Marignan where she worked very hard. Mary Cassatt was the only American artist to show with the newly arrived group of painters, the Impressionists. She was strongly influenced by Degas, who was an intimate friend and severe critic, and he undoubtedly helped to perfect her drawing. They were both enthusiastic over the Japanese Exposition at the Beaux-Arts. An Oriental tendency may be seen in her famous dry-points in color. At about this time, she developed her first mother-and-child theme, which was to become the dominant subject of her work thereafter.

In 1890, the Cassatts moved to the newly purchased Château de Beaufresne, Mesnil-Theribus, Oise. A year passed and she considered herself ready for a one-man show. Durand-Ruel exhibited her oils and dry-points. Two years later, an even larger and more successful show was held. In 1897 she was persuaded to leave Paris for several years and tour Europe in order to form the Havemeyer art collection. After her trip to America in 1899, Mary Cassatt lived a lonely life in Oise. In 1909, because of the admirable ability with which she had executed a commission to paint part of the decorations at the World's Fair in Chicago, she was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Paris, and an associate of the National Academy of Design. As she grew older, her eyesight failed her and the death of this American expatriate was preceded by total blindness. She died at the Château de Beaufresne on June 14, 1926.

PAUL CEZANNE

PAUL CEZANNE, the son of Louis-Auguste Cézanne, was born in Aix-en-Provence on January 19, 1839. His father was originally a hat manufacturer until his ambition was realized when he became the banker of Aix. When Paul was ten, he eagerly studied drawing from a Spanish monk and several years later, when he became a day pupil at the Collège Bourbon, he met and became great friends with Emile Zola. In those years, his passion for painting was shared with an enthusiasm for chemistry, much to the alarm of the household. At nineteen he attended evening classes at an art school attached to the Aix Museum. His father never considered this talent for painting seriously and it was a source of sorrow to the old man, throughout his life, that Paul had made it his career. After Paul registered for and passed his examinations at the Law Faculty at Aix in 1859, Zola joined him in influencing M. Cézanne to guarantee an allowance of 125 francs a month, so that he could enter the Académie Suisse on the Quai des Orfèvres in Paris. The Ecole des Beaux-Arts wouldn't accept him. His frequent companions were Pissarro, Manet, Renoir and others who were later grouped and called the Impressionists. In 1866, Cézanne decided to try to "break" into the official Salon but without success. The jury showed a distinct hostility for his work.

He went to Aix for a visit, remaining there during the war, ignoring the call to the army, and then returned to Paris in 1872 with Hortense Fiquet, who was about to give birth to his son. Pissarro urged him to come to Auvers, where they worked for two years. Here it was that he subdued any

remaining influence that he had retained of the masters. In 1874, he contributed to the exhibition of the Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers at the Nadar Photographic Galleries, 35 Boulevard des Capucines. His fellow artists included Berthe Morisot, Renoir, Guillaumin and Monet. For the next two years, Cézanne painted near Fontainebleau and also paid a visit to Zola at Medun. His father stopped his allowance upon discovering the addition to the family, and in 1883 Cézanne established himself, Hortense and the boy, at l'Estaque. Through a political manoeuver of his friend Guillemet, who was serving on the jury, he received an invitation to the Salon. In 1886 he married Hortense and upon his father's death inherited a third of a million francs, which made it unnecessary for him to depend on collectors or dealers for income. He no longer sent pictures to the Paris exhibitions, and for a period of about seven years painted in Aix and was almost entirely forgotten. He abstained from all but the First and Third Impressionist shows.

The Paris dealer, M. Vollard, visited him in Aix and collected enough canvases from Cézanne, friends and neighbors to organize the first important exhibition of his work. That was in December, 1895. The show caused the most profound excitement among the collectors and critics. They said that it was an outrage to art, and for some a violation of their sense of decency. The *Journal des Artistes* wrote, ". . . the nightmare of these atrocities in oil which even eclipse the legally authorized effronteries." The show was not a financial success either. Paul remained in Aix, making occasional visits to Paris, but most of his life was spent in isolation. He broke with the successful Zola. Although he became quite ill, suffering miserably from diabetes, he still continued to work, even trying to acquire the cross, a decoration from the Beaux-Arts, but it was denied to him. While painting in the fields one day, in a steady downpour, Cézanne collapsed and died a few days later at Aix-en-Provence, on October 22, 1906.

JEAN-BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

COROT WAS BORN in Paris on July 17, 1796. His mother kept a millinery shop on the Rue du Bac, which his father helped to run. They were correct, honest, economical people whose very last thought was to have an artist in the family. In fact, his father was incredulous even of the successful years that followed. After attending day school in Paris, he was sent to Rouen in 1807, where he was a student for five years and not especially brilliant, either in his studies or his drawing. From there he spent two years at school at Poissy. His business career started in 1817 when a friend of his father's, M. Delalain, accepted him as a draper's clerk. As Corot was not very competent and a dreamer who longed to become a painter, his father, after a solemn family conclave, with great resignation said he might go to Paris.

Upon the death of his sister in 1822, Corot received twelve hundred *livres* which had been her dowry and he left for Paris. Michallon took him under his wing and permitted him to paint in his studio. His advice was: Paint what you see—from nature. That same year Michallon died and Corot entered Victor Bertin's classes. Under Bertin's influence he became a lasting disciple of Poussin and of Claude Lorrain. From 1822 to 1825 he completed many little landscapes of Ville d'Avray, Rouen and the suburbs of Paris. During the next three years he traveled through Italy, making friends in Rome with Dupré, Léopold Robert, Léon Fleury and others. From there he left for Tivoli, Naples and Venice. In 1827 the Salon exhibited his *Vue Prise à Narni* and *Campagne de Rome*. A year later he returned to the Ville d'Avray which remained his headquarters during all of his many wanderings in the years which followed. After having traveled through Normandy and Brittany, in 1834 he left for Italy again, this time for Genoa, Pisa and Volterra. When he returned to Paris he started to execute his famous large-scale landscapes and in 1840, to his father's astonishment, the Département des Beaux-

Arts bought the *Little Shepherd* for 1500 francs. This was his first important sale. In 1843 he made his third trip to Italy and remained for five months. He was becoming more successful; he received the Legion of Honor in 1846; Delacroix recognized his talent in an article in *Le Journal;* he won a first-class medal at the Paris World's Fair; and the Administration bought his *Danse des Nymphes* for the Luxembourg.

After the death of his father in 1851, Corot traveled to Arras, Normandy, Brittany, La Rochelle and constantly sent back to Paris his newly developed silvery landscapes. It is said that his richest and greatest works were produced between the years 1860 and 1870, and it was certain that he was popular and successful. The collectors were beginning to buy his paintings. He had sufficient money to buy a house for Daumier and to assist Millet. During the war in 1870 he lived with his sister at Ville d'Avray, where he painted pictures to be sold for the war benefit production. He made several trips abroad to Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and England. In 1872 he was elected a member of the Fédération des Artistes, together with Manet, Daumier and Millet. His last Salon acceptance was in 1874 and then this man who had been in excellent health for all of his life became ill. Although he continued to paint in his studio in the little village of Coubron, he found it necessary to return to Paris, where he died February 22, 1875.

EDGAR HILAIRE GERMAIN DEGAS

DEGAS, OR DeGas, as his family preferred to spell it, was born in Paris, June 19, 1834, of a wealthy old French house that had many business connections in Naples, and who intermarried with the Italian nobility. His father lived in Italy until after his marriage with a French Creole from New Orleans; he then moved to his Paris branch office. Edgar, one of three sons, was destined for the study of law, but upon his insistance, was permitted to enter the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, where he worked with a pupil of Ingres, one Louis Lamothe. In 1856 he went to Naples and to other Italian cities, finally making Rome his residence for three years. He copied the Italian masters and was attracted to the frescoes and drawings of the fifteenth- and sixteenth-century artists.

Upon his return to Paris in 1861, his father gave him an allowance which enabled him to work on a series of pictures for the Salon, plans for which had been made in Italy. He frequently copied at the Louvre, and it was there that he met Manet for the first time. During this period he painted many realist portraits and landscapes, almost always indoors, including his horse-race scenes, claiming that he could get a better light that way and that painting outdoors inconvenienced him. He appeared for the first time in the official Salon of 1865.

In 1870 he was thirty-six and in the artillery, serving under the painter, Henri Rouart, with whom he became great friends. When he was permitted to return to Paris, he went to Menil-Hubert, where he painted the Valpinçon children. He was back in Montmartre in 1872, making studies of dancers. Always very much interested in photography, like Manet, he frequently used enlarged photos in his work. His brother René was visiting him from the New Orleans branch of the firm, and when Edgar went to see him off at the boat he decided to sail too. Remaining in New Orleans for six months he executed a number of interesting canvases, including many portraits and scenes of the cotton exchange. Upon his return to Paris he resumed his contacts with his friends, who, at that time were Manet, Bracquemond, Duranty and Mary Cassatt. He became prosperous, receiving a regular allowance from Durand-Ruel who, in 1893, successfully exhibited many of his works. Degas ceased showing with the Salon and was now associated with the Impressionist group. For his friend Henri Rouart, he painted a dinner service with ballet dancers.

He constantly imagined himself in ill health and insisted that his eyesight was failing. Consequently he spent much of his time in health resorts or visiting friends in the country. When pictures were commissioned he always delayed in finishing them. He became a collector of paintings and drawings, principally by Ingres, Delacroix, Daumier and Gauguin. In the late 90's he lived alone in a miserly fashion in a decrepit house in the Rue Victor Massé, constantly attending sales. His eyesight truly bothered him and he turned to sculpture. Renoir said of him that he was the "greatest living sculptor." On the whole, in his last years Degas was a lonely old man who saw only those friends who agreed with his point of view, not only in painting but in politics as well. For years he avoided Monet because of Monet's partisanship and sympathy for Dreyfus. In 1912 he was furious to see one of his pictures bring £19,000 when he knew how little it had cost the owner. He said, "I am like a horse who has won the race without having his ration of oats increased." That same year the house on the Rue Victor Massé was torn down and he had to move. Fortunately for him, he found one on the Boulevard de Clichy in approximately the same horrible condition as the one he had occupied for twenty-five years. He lived in Paris throughout the war and died on September 26, 1917.

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN

THE SON OF a house-painter, Forain was born at Rheims on October 23, 1852. While still a boy he showed an aptitude and liking for sketching and when he was fifteen, at the suggestion of a provincial painter, M. Jacquesson de Chevreuse, a professor of drawing in Toulouse, his parents permitted him to go to Paris to study. However, it was in the studio of the sculptor Carpeaux that he learned to sketch the man in the street; he would spend hours drawing the types and scenes of Paris life. And it was at the Louvre that he became interested and influenced by the great masters, Goya, Holbein and Rembrandt. When he was eighteen he became a pupil of André Gill.

His career was interrupted in 1874 by two years of military service, at the end of which he returned to Paris and drew caricatures for *Le Scapan* and other papers. His experience in etching served him in illustrating and he became friends with the writers Verlaine and Rimbaud, with whom he collaborated. During this time he was a great admirer of Daumier, Degas and Manet, following them closely in his work. Degas used to say, "Young Forain always paints with his hands in my pockets." Cézanne introduced him to the Impressionist group with an invitation to hang a picture in the show of 1879 and he was again invited in 1886, this time by his friend Degas. The official Salon honored him by acceptance in 1884.

During the ensuing years he became one of Paris' most famous satirical caricaturists. His etchings and lithographs were well known, as he had published many illustrated books and periodicals on current French life, including his illustrated papers *Le Fifre* and *Psst.* He did a daily sketch in *Le Figaro* and contributed crayon and pencil drawings to *Le Sourire, La Vie Parisienne* and *L'Humoriste.* During the First World War he completed several series of drawings of *De la Marne au Rhin* and by the time he was 56 he had produced ninety-five etchings. He died in Paris on July 11, 1931 at the age of seventy-nine. Toward his last years he painted courtroom scenes and biblical subjects.

PAUL GAUGUIN

GAUGUIN WAS JUST a Sunday painter who did not feel the urge toward professionalism until he reached the age of twenty-five. He was born in Paris on June 7, 1848. His father was an indifferent journalist from Orléans and his mother was a Creole. Gauguin senior sailed for Lima, Peru, with his wife and three-year-old son, but had the misfortune to die on the voyage down. Four years later Paul

and his mother returned to Orléans where he went to school. Because of his failure to pass the entrance examination for the navy he entered the merchant marine and left for Rio de Janeiro. He finally joined the navy during the War of 1870, serving on the *Jérôme-Napoléon*. A year later, after his discharge he looked for a job in Paris.

His mother was dead and her house and property in St. Cloud had been bombarded. In a very short time he found a lucrative position with the stockbroker, Bertin, on the Rue Lafitte. With a little private speculation he augmented his income. At twenty-five he met and married Mette Gad, a girl from Copenhagen. In 1874 he was prosperous and bought Impressionist pictures. This was after he had met Pissarro at an exhibition. Most certainly Pissarro encouraged him to paint and sculpture in his spare time. In the evenings he attended the Académie Colarossi. The Salon accepted a nondescript landscape of his in 1876. He rented a new house with his own studio and was constantly seen with Manet, Degas and Pissarro. The Impressionist group treated him as an amateur and did not invite him to exhibit with them. Perhaps his becoming such an ardent collector accounted for his being asked to join them in the Fifth Impressionist show in 1880. But it was not until the exhibition of the following year that he attracted somewhat favorable notices from the critics.

In January, 1883, when he was thirty-five, he left his office, closed his house and took his wife and five children to Rouen where he painted with Pissarro. After eight months of a disapproving wife and of even more disapproving dealers who refused to buy his canvases, he was persuaded to invest in a sunblind agency in Copenhagen, where he went with his family. A poor salesman, he spent eighteen months not selling sunblinds and then decided to return to Paris, taking his eldest son Clovis and leaving his wife and other children in Copenhagen. Before he left, his brother-in-law, a shrewd man, bought almost all of his collection of Impressionist paintings.

Back in Paris he looked up Pissarro and met Signac and Seurat. He was still unable to find a market for his canvases. Clovis was ill and it became necessary for Gauguin to take on a job posting bills at five francs a day. After three weeks he was made inspector and secretary at two hundred francs a month. The worst was over. One or two of the remaining paintings in his collection were sold, Clovis was sent to boarding school and nineteen of his own pictures could be seen at the Eighth Impressionist exhibition. In 1887 he met a painter, Laval, who coaxed him into going to Panama where they were employed digging on the Canal. With the money saved they sailed for Martinique where Gauguin painted some twenty or thirty pictures. After several months he was back in Paris. At that time he became a pupil of Chaplet, a ceramist, who encouraged him to have an exhibition of his Martinique paintings and ceramics at the Goupil Gallery.

After a painting trip to Pont Aven, he had an unhappy visit with van Gogh at Arles. In 1890 he was back in Paris again and he persuaded the director of the Beaux-Arts to commission him to paint some pictures in Tahiti. He had just read a guide book about the island and he was sold on it. In March, with the proceeds of an auction at the Hôtel Drouet, he sailed away, arriving at Papeete, the port of Tahiti, on June 8, 1891. After presenting his credentials to the provincial officials, he decided to go native and lived in a hut twenty-five miles in the interior. He made friends very quickly and was happy with one of the local belles whom he had chosen as a "wife." He tried his best to forget European influences and in the year 1892 he painted over sixty pictures and completed many carvings. When he needed money he returned to Paris to see if he could make some arrangements with a dealer on a yearly basis. Fortunately for him, at this time his uncle in Orléans died and left him an inheritance, which he completely squandered in Paris. The new director of the Beaux-Arts refused to buy any paintings, calling them much too revolutionary. In 1894 he went to Belgium and then on to Copenhagen where he saw his wife for what proved to be the last time. Back again in Paris, disgusted because

he had contracted syphilis from a prostitute, he decided to leave for Tahiti and arranged for a second sale at the Hôtel Drouet.

Once more he started housekeeping with a native girl, this one aged thirteen, and he eventually became the father of a half-caste child. He continually wrote to friends and dealers in Paris for money. In the next few years he lived in great poverty and illness with an occasional cure at the local hospital. In January of 1898 he took arsenic, but was unsuccessful in quitting his miserable existence. Unable to work and morally dejected, he took a job at six francs a day in a local office, living in a boarding house in Papeete and still painting in his free time. In Paris that year his pictures were selling at last and a small income was sent to him. He returned to his hut outside of Papeete and, although he still made frequent trips to the hospital to soothe his rashes and sores, his bad temper made him increasingly unpopular. In 1901 he sailed for Marquesas where he bought a small house. For a time he was happy, receiving his monthly stipend from Vollard in Paris. But then his sickness again brought on choleric outbursts directed against the local officials, one of whom brought suit against him. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a large fine. On May 9, 1903, he was found dead by his neighbor.

VINCENT VAN GOGH

ALTHOUGH VAN GOGH was one of the greatest painters of his time, his working period spanned but six years. He was born on March 30, 1853, at Groot-Zundert, in the province of Brabant, Holland, the son of a Protestant pastor. The red-haired youngster was one of several children and although passionately fond of his mother was unsociable, undisciplined and too reserved with the rest of the world. When he was twelve years of age he went away to boarding school in Zevenbergen and four years later returned home, a problem child.

His uncle, a director of the Goupil Galleries, an international firm of picture dealers, secured a clerical position for him with the Hague branch. He made progress and when he was twenty was appointed to the London office, where his brother Théo, to whom he was deeply attached, was working. During his stay in London he drew for his own amusement and seemed attracted to the works of Boldini, Meissonier, Zeim, Constable and the painters of the Barbizon school. However, he became depressed and lonesome and the family asked for his transfer to the Paris Goupil Gallery. During that year of 1875 he was a very unhappy man and found solace in the Bible. Dismissed from his post, he returned to Holland for a short time until a job was found for him in London as a French teacher at a Ramsgate school. Finally he decided to become a preacher of the Gospel; in 1887 he left for Amsterdam to train for the ministry, but impatiently failed to complete the course. For almost fourteen months he was a lay preacher in the Borinage coal-mining district where he drew the miners at work and in their homes. He was considered odd and gloomy and so frightened the people with his eccentric and nervous movements that he was asked to resign.

He visited his parents in Nuenen, Holland, in 1885, improvised a studio in an old church and painted the peasants in the field and the weavers at their looms. Up until this time his only formal instruction was from Anton Mauve, a connection of his family. That year his father died and he studied for a short time in the Academy in Antwerp where the works of Rubens interested him. An unreciprocated affection for a widowed cousin made him still more unhappy and he left Paris to join Théo who was still with Goupil's. Vincent worked at Cormon's studio along with Toulouse-Lautrec, Pissarro, Gauguin and Seurat. He was greatly influenced by the two latter artists as may be seen by his pictures of the Paris period.

In the spring and summer of 1887 he produced many beautiful canvases painted in the neighbor-

hood of Chatou, Bougival and Asnières. But he couldn't sell any of his works. He occasionally exhibited with the Salon des Refusés. He became nervous and restless and decided to move to the South, settling at Arles where the brilliant sunlight and the rich color inspired him to work furiously. He bought a cottage, painted it yellow and decorated it with huge sunflowers. The name was the "House of the Friends." Gauguin soon joined him and they pooled their allowances and kept house together. Gauguin did the cooking, van Gogh the marketing. Apparently they quarreled a great deal and van Gogh in a fit of rage threw a glass at Gauguin. Van Gogh became more excitable and finally had a mental breakdown. Gauguin left and Vincent was sent to the hospital at Arles where he was pleased to have a visit from Signac. On his discharge in 1889, he returned for a short visit to his yellow house. The townspeople treated him like the village idiot and he once again was violent enough for them to insist on his removal to the asylum at St. Remy. He painted some of his best pictures here and contributed to an exhibition of Les XX in Brussels, where Toulouse-Lautrec challenged a Belgian artist to a duel because he made disparaging remarks about van Gogh's work. He disliked the inmates at St. Remy and his health became worse so that his brother, in 1890, put him in the care of Dr. Gachet at Auvers-sur-Oise, which was near enough to Paris for Théo to visit him. The Doctor, a friend of Cézanne and Pissarro, was a painter himself and an enthusiastic collector. Although he was most sympathetic toward Vincent he could not effect a cure and the patient in extreme despondency shot himself on July 27th of the same year. Six months later Théo died in a fit of madness.

ARMAND GUILLAUMIN

ANOTHER MEMBER OF the Café Guerbois circle was Guillaumin. He was born in Paris on February 16, 1841, and outlived most of the Impressionist group. He received no allowance from home; in fact, parental opposition made it necessary for him to work in an office during the day and to attend art classes at night. All of his savings went into school fees and, whenever he could, he visited the Louvre to copy the old masters. At the Ecole Communale on the Rue des Petits Carreaux he won a bronze medal and later at the Académie Suisse he met Pissarro and Cézanne, who became his lifelong friends. Finally he abandoned his job and, paintbox in hand, wandered along the Seine and the suburbs of Paris. In those days he was very much under the influence of Courbet, Daubigny and Monet. When the Salon rejected his first canvas in 1872, he never tried again. Two years later he participated in the memorable first show of the Impressionist painters. It was said of him that he was *"Un peintre parfois violent et un homme toujours doux."*

During the rather lean years that followed, the only patronage that Guillaumin and the group received was from Durand-Ruel, who bought their canvases, Tanguy, who credited them with paint, and Eugène Murer, an old schoolmate of Guillaumin, who was now a pastry cook and restaurant keeper. Murer's private ambition was to paint and in a small way he was a collector, exchanging meals for brightly colored pictures. In 1876 when the second exhibition of the Impressionists took place, Guillaumin believed with Cézanne that the minor names in the show did them great harm, so they refused to participate. But Guillaumin reconsidered the following two years and contributed some landscapes. His fellow artists—Gauguin, Sisley, Renoir and Monet—were buying a few of his paintings. In 1884 along with Seurat, Redon and Signac he founded the first Salon des Indépendants. In 1891 Armand had a windfall. He won a lottery prize of some $20,000 in the "Crédit Foncier." He resigned his clerical job and with his wife, for he had married that year, started to travel at home and abroad. His longest journey, in 1900, was to Holland. He finally settled with his family in La Creuse for many years of hard work. He died in 1927.

EDOUARD MANET

THE "FATHER OF IMPRESSIONISM" and the creator of the *plein-air* technique was born in Paris on the 23rd of January, 1832, the eldest of three sons. His father was chief of staff at the Ministry of Justice and believed that Edouard was destined to become a lawyer. With that in view he was enrolled at the Collège Rollins. However, his maternal uncle, an officer in the artillery and his closest confidant, had a penchant for drawing and amused his nephew with his sketches. At sixteen Edouard announced that he preferred to study painting rather than the law. The family in despair finally induced him to attend the Naval College as an alternative. But he failed in the entrance examinations. He probably didn't try very hard.

He then embarked for Brazil on December 9, 1848, on the transport ship *Havre de Guadeloupe* as a pilot's apprentice. The cargo consisted of Dutch cheeses and, in after years, Manet loved to recount that his first attempt with the paint brush was in touching up some of them which had been discolored by sea water. He came back in seven months, by which time his father had reconsidered and gave way to his son's ambition to become a painter. In 1850, together with his old schoolmate and ally, Antonin Proust, he entered the studio of Thomas Couture, where he spent six years, finally leaving in disgust with the conventional and classic background of the Couture method. He continued his studies at the Académie Suisse, passing many long hours at the Louvre. His family allowed him enough money to travel to Holland, Germany and Italy, where the works of Tintoretto most influenced him. He also went to Prague and to Vienna.

His first success was an honorable mention which he received from the Salon in 1861 for a double portrait of his father and mother. This was the last and only time until just a year before his death that he received any honors from the Salon. Manet's father died in 1863, leaving his fortune to his three sons. This enabled Manet to marry a Dutch pianist, Mlle. Suzanne Leenhoff. Of this union the poet Baudelaire wrote: "Manet has just told me the most astonishing news. He leaves tonight for Holland, whence he will bring back a wife. His excuses are that the lady is handsome, good-natured and an admirable musician. *Tant de trésors dans une seule personne, n'est-ce pas monstrueux?*"

The Salon des Refusés in 1863 hung his painting *The Picnic*, in which a nude female figure is sitting under a tree with two young men in artists' costumes, watching a second female clad only in chemise, splashing in a brook. The public was shocked. With Manet it had been a pictorial experiment, a testing of the effect of light in the open air on clothed and nude figures. He became more notorious when his nude *Olympia* was exhibited. According to Paul de Saint-Victor in *La Presse*, May 28, 1865, "the crowd throngs in front of M. Manet's putrefying *Olympia* as though at the Morgue." Manet became an object of curiosity in Paris. So much so that he decided to make a trip to Madrid where it was believed he became influenced by Goya and Velasquez. In about 1864 he began to paint, in the Impressionistic style, race-course, marine and port scenes.

Like Rodin and Courbet, Manet, in 1867, erected his own building in which to exhibit his paintings. In the press Zola was his only defender. His work was interrupted during the siege of Paris when he was an artilleryman in the National Guard, ironically enough, taking orders from Meissonier. In February, 1872, he joined his wife in the Pyrenees and then they went on to Paris. That same year he traveled in Holland where he was impressed with the pictures of Franz Hals, as may be seen on his return to Paris when he painted *Le Bon Bock*. The first Impressionist exhibition was organized without Manet. He had been advised by Fantin-Latour to abstain, although he showed his sympathy for the group by sending two Impressionist pictures to the Salon where they were refused. The following year, in 1875, when there was no Impressionist show, Manet's large Impressionist boating picture, *Argenteuil*, was hung in the Salon.

From the year 1880 he began to have attacks of rheumatism and in the ensuing years they became worse. Although he could scarcely walk he continued to paint flowers, fruit and still-life subjects. He had just begun a large canvas which he intended to enter in the Salon of 1883, when what he thought was rheumatism showed itself as being really the effect of an overworked nervous system; locomotor ataxia. His foot was amputated, but the operation was unsuccessful and he died in Paris on April 30, 1883.

CLAUDE MONET

MANY CRITICS HAVE insisted that Claude Monet was of Norman background. But it was only in his early childhood that his father, a grocer, made Le Havre their home. Claude was born in Paris on the 14th of November, 1840. When his first efforts in art—caricatures—were displayed in the window of a local stationer's, Eugène Boudin noticed them and upon making inquiry about the artist became friends with Monet and together they went on painting trips. It may well have been because of these excursions on land and to the sea that Monet's future as an open-air landscape painter was determined.

After exhibiting with Boudin in several shows in Rouen, Monet, encouraged, gathered his savings and left for Paris where he entered Troyon's studio. In 1860 he was called up for military service and went to Algiers with the first Regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. He almost died there of fever and his parents purchased a military substitute so that he could come home. And so at twenty-three he resumed his career in Paris by painting with Renoir, Bazille and Sisley in Gleyre's atelier. Two years later he was admitted to the Salon of 1865, where he exhibited several sea pieces. This marked the beginning of a career that lasted for sixty years. In the company of Boudin, Jongkind and Courbet he returned to Le Havre to paint. He was living in Argenteuil upon the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. He fled to Holland and then finally joined Pissarro in London where they studied the English landscape painters. Upon his return to Paris he astonished his colleagues with his steam and smoke canvases of London railway stations.

In 1874 he was once more established in his house in Argenteuil. He now entered a painting carelessly entitled *Impression: soleil levant* in the first exhibition of the group which called itself the *Société Anonyme des Artistes, Peintres, Sculpteurs et Graveurs* (Joint Stock Association of Painters, Sculptors and Engravers). The title of Monet's picture caused the critics to refer sarcastically to this group as Impressionists. Durand-Ruel showed great courage in exhibiting eighteen canvases painted near Monet's home; they were river scenes, effects of snow, of flowers and of autumn. The result of the show as well as that of a sale at the Hôtel Drouet was a fiasco. Monet tried not to become discouraged and he each year sent his pictures in to be hung with the Impressionist group with the exception of the eighth and last show because his best works were being seen in New York City. While on the way to the Italian Riviera with Renoir he painted in Vetheuil, Pourville, Monte Carlo and Genoa. Canvases were piled up in Antibes, Belle-Ile-en-Mer and La Creuse. But finally in 1890 he settled in Giverny with his wife, for he had married Mme. Hoschedé, widow of a prominent collector and mother of several grown daughters. The year before he had successfully exhibited with Rodin in Paris at the gallery of Georges Petit. The critic Gustave Geffroy proved himself devoted to Monet, and Rodin's friendship seemed to mark the end of his material difficulties. From his fiftieth year on, he gained the respect due him as an acknowledged artist, from all, except the French government which never bought a single picture of his.

In 1891 he painted the *Les Meules* series and in 1894 there appeared the famous series of Rouen.

A year later he went to Norway and then returned to Giverny after months in the village of Sandviken. When Zola was bitterly occupied with the Dreyfus case, Monet was the only artist in Paris who actively sympathized and joined him in an attempt to aid the cause, even to the extent of appearing in court with their old friend Clemenceau. Throughout the years he continued to exhibit at Durand-Ruel, Georges Petit and, in 1912, at the Bernheim Galleries. He also visited London several times and in 1918-22 he painted a series of *Les Nymphéas* for decorations in l'Orangerie des Tuileries. Despite his loss of eyesight, legend has it that he painted ten pictures a day during those last days at Giverny. In 1924 he received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor at the suggestion of his friend Antonin Proust. On December 5, 1926, he died at the age of eighty-six.

ADOLPHE JOSEPH THOMAS MONTICELLI

LIKE MOST SMALL boys in school, Monticelli used to draw pictures on the margins of his schoolbooks, but unlike most small boys, he remained steadfast in his determination to become an artist. He was born in Marseilles, October 24, 1842, of Italian parentage. They were people in fairly comfortable circumstances and when Adolphe announced his desire to enter the local art school, they reluctantly said yes, although they would have preferred to apprentice him to a chemist. An apt and eager student, he was soon winning medals in Nîmes, Montpellier and Marseilles.

And so, at the age of twenty he left for Paris and entered the Ecole des Beaux-Arts where he studied for two years. Apparently, only after he met and became friends with Diaz, Corot, Delacroix and Daubigny, did he find the sympathy that spurred him on. During his travels in Italy, he copied the old masters, but one can easily see the influence of Corot as well as Diaz in his early works. And then he discovered the richness of the parks in St. Cloud, just outside of Paris, and found a great stimulus in the court of the Empress Eugénie, whose profile appears regularly in his paintings of that period, which were perhaps his best and most mature.

The political upheaval of 1870 almost ruined Monticelli and he returned to Marseilles to paint until he died on June 29, 1886. Camille Mauclair said of him, "Every picture by Monticelli provokes astonishment; constructed upon one color as upon a musical theme, it rises to intensities which one would have thought impossible." And again, "One could not imagine a more inspired sense of color than shown by these works which seem to be painted with crushed jewels, with powerful harmony, and beyond all with an unheard-of delicacy in the perception of fine shades."

BERTHE MARIE PAULINE MORISOT

A DAUGHTER, BERTHE, was born at Bourges, on January 14, 1841, to M. Tiburce Morisot and she was destined to become one of the greatest women painters in France. Her father, who was Advisory Councillor at the Cour de Comptes and Secretary-General of the Crédit Foncier, had studied painting and architecture in earlier life and was entirely sympathetic with his daughter's desire to become an artist. Her sister, Edma, also showed talent in drawing, so they were given lessons by Joseph Guichard, a pupil of Ingres and a disciple of Delacroix. When Berthe was nineteen, Corot accepted her as a student and thought her worthy enough to permit the signature *élève de Corot* on her pictures. She exhibited at the Salon from 1864 to 1868, where it was apparent that she was directly guided by him.

While copying at the Louvre one day, she met Edouard Manet, who invited her to work in his studio where she took up figure painting as well as landscapes, and occasionally served as a model. They became great friends and she was introduced to the Impressionist painters, under whose in-

fluence, particularly Manet's, her style changed completely. Théodore Duret said of her work with Manet: "When she attached herself to him she had nothing more to learn as regards rules and precepts; her artistic education was finished. What she was to borrow from him was the new technique and the brilliant execution which he personally had introduced. These her own exceptional artistic gifts enabled her to appropriate."

During the siege of Paris she fled to Saint-Germain as the guest of Puvis de Chavannes. She returned to Paris in 1872 to paint *Mme. Pontillon* which was later acquired by the Louvre. In 1874 she married Eugène Manet, the artist's brother. In that same year she was included in the first of the Impressionist exhibitions and she continued with them until the eighth and last show in 1886. Shortly before her death on March 2, 1895, she achieved another measure of recognition through the sale of her *La Jeune Femme au Bal* to the Luxembourg.

CAMILLE PISSARRO

CAMILLE PISSARRO was born on July 10, 1830, on the small island of St. Thomas in the Danish West Indies. His father was a Frenchman of Portuguese descent and an ironmonger by trade. His mother was a Creole. The family wanted him to have a business career, but he was more intent on drawing. They finally decided to send him to school in Paris and at the age of eleven he entered the Savary Institute at Passy. Pissarro senior warned the headmaster about his son's strange craze for drawing. But Savary was the wrong man to hear these complaints, for he also fancied himself an artist and greatly encouraged the youngster's gift. By 1847 Pissarro's father thought it about time that Camille return to St. Thomas and to business. The next five years were very unhappy ones for him, but he snatched at every opportunity to paint. A chance meeting with a Danish artist, Fritz Melbye, prompted him to leave the island for Caracas as his assistant.

In the year of the great Exposition Universelle of 1855 he finally arrived in Paris again, with an allowance which his father most reluctantly sent him. The works of Corot, Daubigny and Courbet as well as those of Delacroix and Ingres, who were represented in the Fine-Arts section, exerted a tremendous influence on him. He was fortunate in meeting Melbye's brother, also a painter, who had been exhibiting at the Salon. Under his guidance he set to work seriously. He soon met and became friends with Piette, Chintreuil and Claude Monet. They spent much time painting along the countryside and in 1857 he had his first picture hung in the Salon. In 1863 he had been married for two years, was living at Pontoise and was the father of a boy. He was now in distinguished company, his friends being Renoir, Manet, Sisley and Guillaumin. It was the many meetings of this group at the Café Guerbois on the Avenue de Clichy which helped to consolidate the Impressionists.

In 1870 the war compelled Pissarro to leave for England to visit a married sister. The Prussians occupied his house and destroyed all of his work completed since 1855, about 1500 canvases, as well as some that he had stored for Monet. When in London he painted pictures of the London suburbs, Norwood and Sydenham. He spent most of his time with Monet at the National Gallery where they were struck by Turner's canvases. They met Daubigny who introduced them to the picture dealer, Durand-Ruel, who later exhibited their works in Paris. Upon his return in 1872 he settled down at number 26 Rue de l'Hermitage, Pontoise, and for the next ten years had a most prolific output of peasant-subject and country-landscape pictures. Cézanne lived nearby at Auvers-sur-Oise and Monet was living in Argenteuil.

For the Impressionists 1874 was an important year. They held their first exhibition at Nadar's in Paris and Pissarro received his first recognition in fifteen years. At this time he also met Gauguin,

who became one of his most ardent followers. Some of the recognition received from the press was far from friendly. Louis Leroy, of the *Charivari* staff wrote, "Impressionists forsooth! These wild men, these stubborn savages, disdained—was it laziness or impotence?—to finish their pictures. They were content to dab on a few 'impressions.' What humbugs. Impressionists!" The exhibitions of '76 and '77 were received just as spitefully, except for the adherence of the enlightened critics, Duranty and Castagnay. Long, lean years followed, much borrowing, living on credit, selling canvases for fifty francs, and obtaining occasional meals from Murer the pastryman, who also collected "pretty pictures." During the succeeding years, Pissarro showed with the Impressionist group but it was not until '81 that he achieved some financial success through Durand-Ruel. Pissarro wrote to Théodore Duret, "I am not, as the Romanticists say, rolling in money, I am enjoying the fruits of a modest but steady sale. My only fear is a relapse into the old condition."

An ulcer affecting his eyesight was now causing him some anxiety and he moved to Osny and soon after to Eragny, near Gisors. After a one-man show at Durand-Ruel in 1883 he left to paint in Rouen where he visited his friend Gauguin. He occasionally worked in water colors and in 1885 and 1886, during his friendship with Signac and Seurat, he was greatly interested in experiments in "division of tones." For two years he exhibited nothing but Divisionist works until his buyers and dealers began to object. He finally abandoned this new method and returned to the recognized Pissarro way of painting.

During the last years of his life he worked with feverish activity and traveled in Belgium, England, Burgundy, Rouen, Dieppe and Le Havre. In 1897 he began his famous series of Paris scenes. He thought it was only his sight which was failing, but an abscess of the prostate got the better of his vigorous constitution and he died on November 13, 1903 at his home in Eragny, near Gisors.

ODILON REDON

THIS ROMANTICIST AND MYSTIC was born on April 20, 1840, in Bordeaux, son of a New Orleans colorist, who had returned to the Médoc, and of a Creole mother. His family, unlike those of his contemporaries, encouraged his liking for books, music and drawing. His art teacher developed his taste for Delacroix. After his failure to enter the Ecole des Beaux-Arts he came under the guidance of Gérôme, but found himself utterly unable to draw from the model. At sixteen his successive efforts to find a career in architecture and sculpture also failed. He now met Corot and Chintreuil and followed the Barbizon school of painting, although still under the influence of Delacroix.

It was certainly his friendship with the botanist Armand Clavaud which decided his future passion for flower subjects. Rudolphe Bresdin in 1863 interested Redon in etching and lithography. He followed this medium for almost twenty years with great success. It was only in the year 1899 that he resumed his work in oils, pastel and water color. In 1867 he was represented for the first time at the Salon Officiel by an engraving. Redon was conscripted in 1870 and fought in battles around Tours, but his ill health soon forced him to retire.

After his marriage to Camille Falte in 1879, he illustrated several books by Poe, Baudelaire and Flaubert, although his best-known work in this field is his own publication, in 1879, of the *Dans le Rêve* series of prints which were shown at La Vie Moderne Gallery. R. H. Wilenski wrote of him: "Redon was concerned to record the images of his mind's eye; and as those images were closely related to dream images he ranks as a pioneer Surrealist." In 1886 he showed in the last exhibition of the Impressionist group. His hundreds of charcoal drawings were exhibited with thirty etchings and over two hundred lithographs at the Durand-Ruel Gallery in 1894. In 1904 his pastels were

exhibited at the 20th Salon des Indépendants. At that time he associated with Bonnard, Vuillard and Maurice Denis. A year later he turned his attention to designing for the tapestry looms of Gobelins. He died in Royan on July 6, 1916.

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR

IT IS AMUSING TO NOTE that if it had not been for the unhappy invention of machine printing on porcelain, Renoir would have remained a decorator of china vases to the end of his days. He was born in Limoges on February 25, 1841, the son of a poor tailor. Hoping to better their fortunes the family moved to Paris four years later. At fourteen Renoir was apprenticed as an assistant in a china factory and even at that time he spent his lunch hours at the Louvre. His employer's nephew was a sculptor who greatly encouraged Renoir's desire to become an artist. After three years, because of the enormous demand for machine-printed Sèvres, the plant closed down and Renoir lost his salary of five cents a dozen for sketching portraits of Marie Antoinette and little bouquets on a background. He now graduated to painting Boucher, Watteau and Fragonard figures on window shades, awnings and fans. It seems as though this eighteenth-century commercial activity left a lasting influence on his art. He was also commissioned to do devotional subjects by itinerant missionaries; a superb Virgin with Magi and Cherubim complete.

Finally at twenty-one he saved up enough money to enter the doubtful Mecca of all his contemporaries—Gleyre's studio. Here he found Monet, Sisley and Bazille. He shared an attic with the latter where, together with Pissarro and Cézanne, the group of artists known as the Impressionists gathered. He was anxious to show at the Salon and was successful for years. Quite by accident in 1865 he met Diaz in the Fontainebleau forest and it was this chance association which lightened his palette from the black to the rainbow hues which we associate with Impressionist paintings. When he returned to Paris, he destroyed many of his dark canvases, including the *Esmeralda* which hung in the Salon in 1864. When the Franco-Prussian War broke out Renoir visited with Pissarro in Louveciennes and in 1870 joined the army. Although he was offered a commission in the cavalry he chose to serve in the ranks. Upon his return he took a studio in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs where he found it lucrative to do decorative work for Prince Bibesco and to paint fashionable portraits. His unacademic palette of pure broken color, producing light, so incensed the Salon and their circle that Renoir from 1872 to 1876 found it hard going. His only support was that of Durand-Ruel who bought and stored away his pictures, and of Choquet, Caillebotte and the Charpentiers, the collectors who delighted in the lightness of his touch. These portraits were very successful and most profitable. In 1879 the Salon again hung one of his canvases and on the proceeds of the Charpentier commissions he went to Algiers. Upon his return his smugness and sense of well-being no longer permitted him to enter in the Impressionist exhibitions and it was not until 1882 that he changed his mind and sent them twenty paintings to hang in the current show.

After his marriage in 1879 he spent the summer in Guernsey and then left for Italy. From his letters to Mme. Charpentier, except for Tiepelo and some frescoes, we learn that he was entirely unimpressed with Italy. In 1882 on his return from Palmero, where he had painted Wagner's portrait, he caught a cold in Marseilles which was so bad that his doctor sent him on a second trip to Algiers. He came back in the spring of 1883 and prepared for the one-man show of seventy paintings which Durand-Ruel gave him that April. It would have definitely insured his future as an artist if he had not in the years directly following completely changed his style. The next winter he went with Monet to Genoa and the Italian Riviera and rediscovered the Italian frescoes. On the way back he met

Cézanne and worked with him at La Roche-Guyon and at L'Estaque. When he returned to Paris he once again saw Pissarro who introduced him to Seurat's *Grande Jatte*. He started to paint indoors, a contradiction to Impressionism. The dilettanti and the critics expressed distaste with the change and it seemed as though Renoir would lose his popularity. But even during these experiments he always found time to execute a well-paying Renoir portrait. In 1885 his eldest son Pierre was born in their old house in Montmartre. In 1890 he reverted to the old *plein-air* technique and in 1892 Durand-Ruel held a retrospective exhibition of his works. Renoir was now painting a great deal in Brittany and also visited Holland where he was unimpressed by Rembrandt and Spain where he found great joy in Goya. His second son Jean was born in 1893. During the '90's his arthritis became increasingly worse and he spent more time in Nice, Antibes and Provence. In 1901 Claude was born. Renoir's illness made it necessary for the family to live in the south of France so in 1907 they purchased his last residence, a house at Les Collettes, near Cagnes. Becoming worse and worse, he finally had to walk with crutches and his brush was strapped to his fingers. He painted every day. In 1911 he needed several operations and was in a nursing home for some time, but he managed to do several still-life subjects there. He was active until 1919, executing several hundred *genre* pictures. Also with some aid, he modeled sculptures. He died on December 17, 1919, at Cagnes and it was estimated that he had completed about four thousand works during his painting career.

GEORGES PIERRE SEURAT

THE SON OF A BAILIFF, Seurat was born in Paris on December 2, 1859. During the Versaillais bombardment the family fled from the Boulevard de Magenta to a retreat in Fontainebleau. He was thirteen when he returned to finish school. Four years later his parents permitted him to take drawing lessons from a sculptor, Justin Lequien. At this studio he met Aman Jean who remained his lifelong friend. They were both admitted to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, where Seurat came under the guidance of Henri Lehmann, a pupil of Ingres. In 1879 Seurat received an allowance from his father, and shared a studio with Jean. His experiments in black and white lasted for two years, and it was not until 1882, when he discovered Impressionism, that he amplified his black and white with colors. Most of his work was done with *conté* crayon.

After finishing one year's military service, he returned to Paris and became friends with Signac, under whose tutelage he discarded his earth colors and achieved greater intensity by stippling his paint in small, divided dots. This was called Pointillism. It was said that he worked continually, far into the night and by gaslight, making hundreds of drawings for one painting. In 1886 he produced his first completely Pointillist painting *Un Dimanche à la Grande Jatte* which was hung at the Salon des Indépendants. Except for Signac, it was apparent that he made very few friends, although he became acquainted with Gauguin, Lautrec, van Gogh and Degas. In fact, in the late '80's Degas was decidedly influenced by Seurat.

Seurat never married. Only after his untimely death at the age of thirty-two, was it learned that his model, Madeleine Knobloch, had borne him a son. He died in his mother's house in Paris on March 20, 1891, of septic quinsy; his year-old son caught the infection and died a few days later.

The French government most unwillingly received as a gift to the Louvre from John Quinn, an American collector, the one painting now in France by Seurat, *The Circus*. Only seven large canvases, about forty small ones and several hundred drawings survive. He sold practically nothing during his lifetime.

PAUL SIGNAC

HE WAS BORN in Paris in 1863, the son of people in modest circumstances. His father was a harness and saddle maker. Signac showed so much interest in drawing that he enrolled as a student of architecture at the Collège Rollins. When he was eighteen he decided he preferred the career of an artist and became the pupil of Bin, a Prix de Rome winner. The Impressionist movement attracted him and he copied Degas and Manet, until he met Seurat, whose ardent follower he soon became.

It was in 1884 that Seurat and his group gathered in Signac's studio and discussed the possibility of organizing the Salon des Indépendants. Cézanne and Pissarro were tremendously interested and came to learn what this new movement was all about, and to listen to Signac's explanation of Seurat's Divisionist system, which imitated Pointillism: "Divisionism is a method of securing the utmost luminosity, color and harmony by (a) the use of all the colors of the spectrum and all degrees of those colors without mixing, (b) the separation of local colors from the color of the light, reflections, etc., (c) the balance of these factors and the establishment of these relations in accordance with laws of contrast, tone and radiation, and (d) the use of a technique of dots of a size determined by the size of the picture." Signac was invited to exhibit in the Eighth Impressionist show which was organized by Berthe Morisot and her husband, Eugène Manet.

In later years Signac spent much time painting and sailing at St. Tropez. In 1899 he published his book *From Eugène Delacroix to Neo-Impressionism* which defined the doctrines of the school. The Salon des Indépendants elected him president in 1908 and he remained in that office for twenty-six years. When he died in Paris in 1935 it was noted that he still had the Cézanne painting, *Dans la Vallée de l'Oise* which he had bought from Tanguy in 1886.

ALFRED SISLEY

SISLEY CAME OF English stock. His parents were people in easy circumstances, who were established in Paris, doing a profitable export business with South America. Alfred was born in Paris on October 30, 1839. When he was very young and learning his father's trade, he was attracted to the works of Corot. At nineteen he was sent to England to prepare for a business career, but found the paintings of Constable so interesting that his determination to become an artist increased. He returned to Paris, where at Gleyre's studio he met Monet, Renoir and Bazille. They very soon became dissatisfied with the teaching of traditional forms, although Sisley remained more academic than the others. He exhibited at the Salon in 1866 and again in 1868. He moved with Monet to the suburbs to paint the landscapes of St. Cloud and Fontainebleau. When his Impressionistic tendencies became more and more defined, the Salon no longer hung his works. He clearly had allied himself with the rebellious group exhibiting at the Salon des Refusés. Some people even called them Communists and reds.

His father, who was ruined in the debacle of 1870, could no longer give him any support. As Sisley was already married, with a family of several children, the death of his father in that year added to his burdens. He moved to the suburbs of Paris, painting the landscapes of Louveciennes, Bougival and St. Cloud. Manet came to his aid by privately arranging for the sale of a few of his canvases and by introducing him to a small restaurant keeper, Eugène Murer, whose secret ambition was to become a painter and who exchanged meals for pictures. In 1874 Sisley went to England with Faure, the famous baritone of the Paris Opera House and patron of the arts. It was noted that Sisley was greatly influenced not only by Turner's canvases but also by the English countryside. In 1880 he refused to show in the fifth Impressionist exhibition, taking a stand with Renoir, Degas and Monet against

Caillebotte, who wanted posters mentioning only the big names, that all would be printed or none.

He was now living permanently at Moret, and his painting showed more and more the influence of the *plein-air* method of the Impressionist movement, although as late as 1884 he experimented with the broken colors of the Pointillists. Durand-Ruel gave him a one-man show in 1883 and again in 1897. When he was fifty-five he applied for his naturalization papers and was refused them. Five years later at Moret on January 29, 1899, he died of cancer, caused by worry, poverty and pipe smoking. Never during his lifetime did he receive adequate money for his paintings and it was only when the Impressionist movement became accepted and more fashionable in 1900, the year of the great Universal Exhibition, that the prices rose. Unfortunately, he did not live to see it.

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

LAUTREC WAS A hideous little man, myopic, and wearing thick glasses on a black ribbon. He had a short black beard, and only his eyes gave his face charm. His huge head and stocky body sat on short, child-like legs. He was only four feet, six inches. He was born at Albi, November 24, 1864, at number 14 Rue de l'Ecole-Mage; this street has since been renamed Rue Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. Born of the marriage of first cousins, he came from a very famous old family, the Counts of Toulouse. He first indicated a talent for drawing when, at the age of three, he demanded to sign his name in the parish church book. When he was told that he did not know how to write his name, he insisted on drawing an ox. He was a very weak child physically, and was tutored at home because of his fragile health. When his family moved to Paris in 1871, he was entered as a day pupil at school.

Coming from a family of great hunters (they owned three shooting estates), he loved to sketch the many dogs, horses and other animals about the house. Unfortunately, in 1878, Lautrec, when he was still in his teens, broke both his legs. They were always weak and brittle, and so did not mend thoroughly. During his convalescence he made drawings, and was especially interested in the circus, as his illustrated diary shows.

He never received a formal art education, but was very much influenced by René Princeteau, a painter of horses who was a friend of his. In 1882 he studied with Bonnat and Corman for two years, but broke away from them, becoming very much influenced by Forain, Degas and the Japanese artists. As a matter of fact, the critic Jules Antoine, in *La Plume*, on February 15, 1891, said, "M. de Toulouse-Lautrec has something of the expressive drawing of Degas, but he has more decision and determination; as for his color, he has deliberately limited his palette to neutral tones; in fact the color often seems, as in this study of a young girl, to be used only for the purpose of emphasizing the drawing."

He has been accused of wasting his life in the cabarets, brothels and music halls of Paris. Together with Maurice Joyant, who was his cousin, he made the rounds, and they were often seen at "Les Ambassadeurs" and "L'Alcazar." One cannot consider his time wasted, for from here came his most famous posters and the paintings, lithographs and drawings of May Belfort, Aristide Briand, Loie Fuller, Cissie Loftus and Yvette Guilbert. In fact, he did an album of sixteen drawings of Yvette. He became a famous lithographer, often drawing directly on the stone. He was also a connoisseur of wine and thought himself a great chef.

In 1896 he traveled with Maurice Guilbert to Spain and Portugal, where his sole comment was that he did not see any pretty women. In Brussels his paintings were shown at the Société les XX in 1890, and the following year he was represented at the Salon des Indépendants and the Circle Volney. The big event was in 1893 when thirty of his works were exhibited at the galleries of Boussod, Valadon et Compagnie at 19 Boulevard Montmartre. Gustave Geffroy wrote in *La Justice* of February 15,

1893: ". . . with a different color scheme, sometimes dark and rich, sometimes muddy, almost dirty even, M. de Toulouse-Lautrec, painter and pastelist, proves himself to be equally expert in the portrayal of a single figure. M. de Toulouse-Lautrec is mocking, cruel and over-tolerant when he throws open for our inspection his dance halls, his brothel scenes, and the unnatural sex relationships of some of his models. Yet he remains a sincere artist. . . ."

His health and mind started to deteriorate in 1897 when he insisted he saw hordes of insects in his studio. He was living at that time in his own home at number 5 Avenue Frochot, not far from the "Moulin Rouge." Two years later he had a complete breakdown, some said because of his excessive drinking. He was sent to a sanitarium in Neuilly, where his father refused to see him and did not answer the plea, "Dear Papa, here is an opportunity for you to act like a good man. I am imprisoned, and everything that is imprisoned dies." To convince people that he was not insane, he painted, while he was in this *maison de santé*, a portrait of his keeper which is called *My Keeper When I Was Crazy.*

Upon his release from the sanitarium, he went to Bordeaux. This was his last winter, for he died on September 9, 1901, just two months before his thirty-seventh birthday, and was buried near his mother's favorite residence, Malromé. Madame Lautrec found in his study many canvases and pictures, which she presented to the city of Albi, where they went to form the Lautrec Museum in the Palais de la Berbre.

EDOUARD VUILLARD

EXCEPT FOR HIS earliest years, Vuillard's life was patterned after that of Pierre Bonnard. He was born in 1863 at Cuiseaux, Saône-et-Loire. Upon the death of his father, who was a tax collector, he came with his mother to live in Paris. At first he attended the Lycée Condorcet and then he entered the Académie Julian, where he met Bonnard, Maurice Denis and Sérusier. During one of their sessions Sérusier brought to class a cigar box painted by Gauguin, with which to demonstrate Gauguin's theories of pattern and rhythm. They were all very much interested and influenced by these experiments.

Vuillard joined Bonnard in the "Nabis" group and exhibited with them in 1899 at the Durand-Ruel gallery, but his art was always of a very personal nature, comparable only to that of Bonnard. As he was a shy, retiring man, who disliked publicity, he participated in very few exhibitions thereafter. He was also a lithographer in color and executed many magazine illustrations for *La Revue Blanche* and other periodicals. Lugné-Poë commissioned him to design Ibsen's *The Master-Builder* and he collaborated with Bonnard on stage settings for the *Théâtre de l'Oeuvre.* He painted, on wood or cardboard, the indoor life of Paris—the domestic scenes, curtains and furniture—and with Bonnard was known as an "Intimist." In later years he developed into an excellent portrait painter, as seen by his likeness of Théodore Duret, represented with Whistler's portrait behind him. He died of heart disease at La Baule in 1940.

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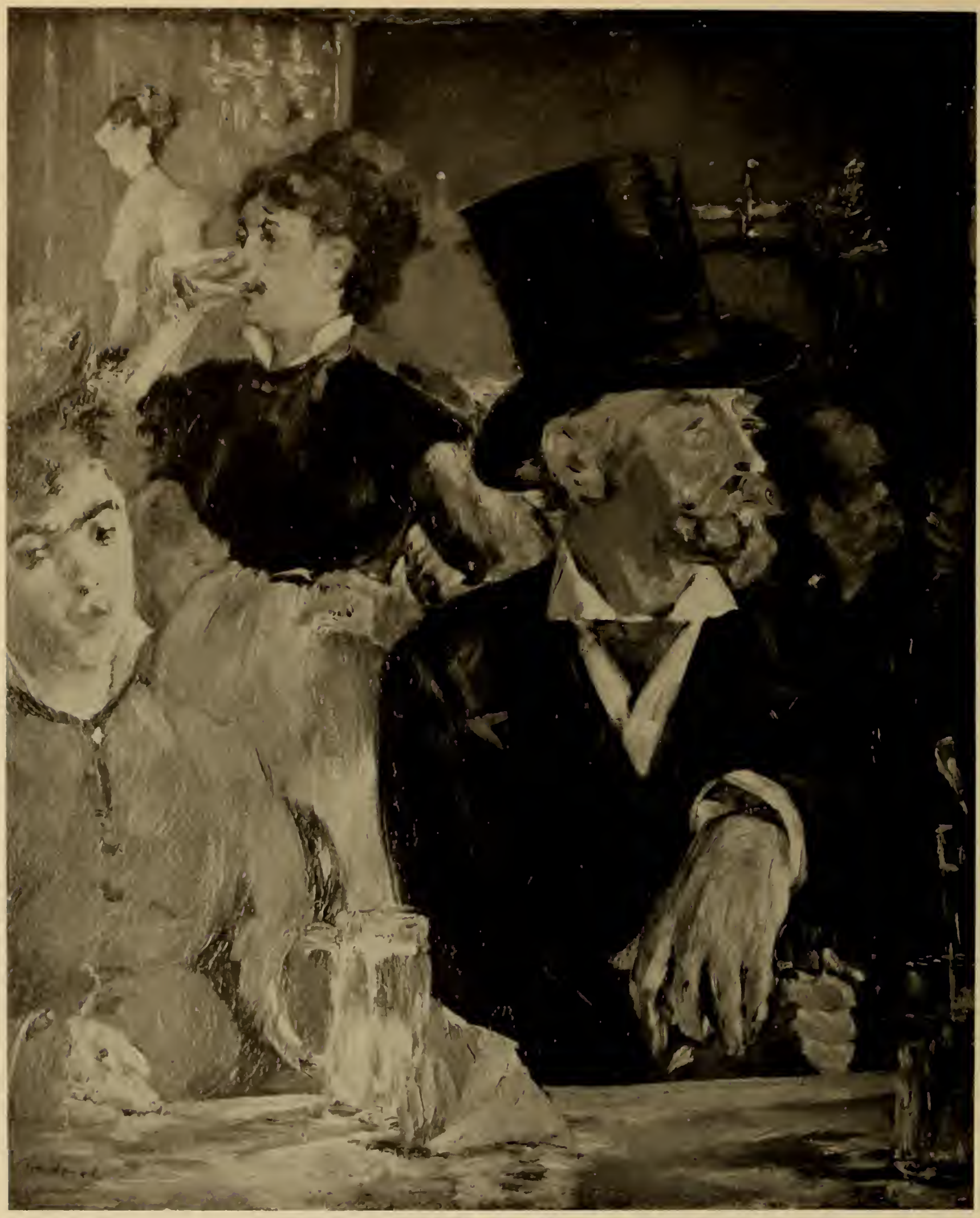
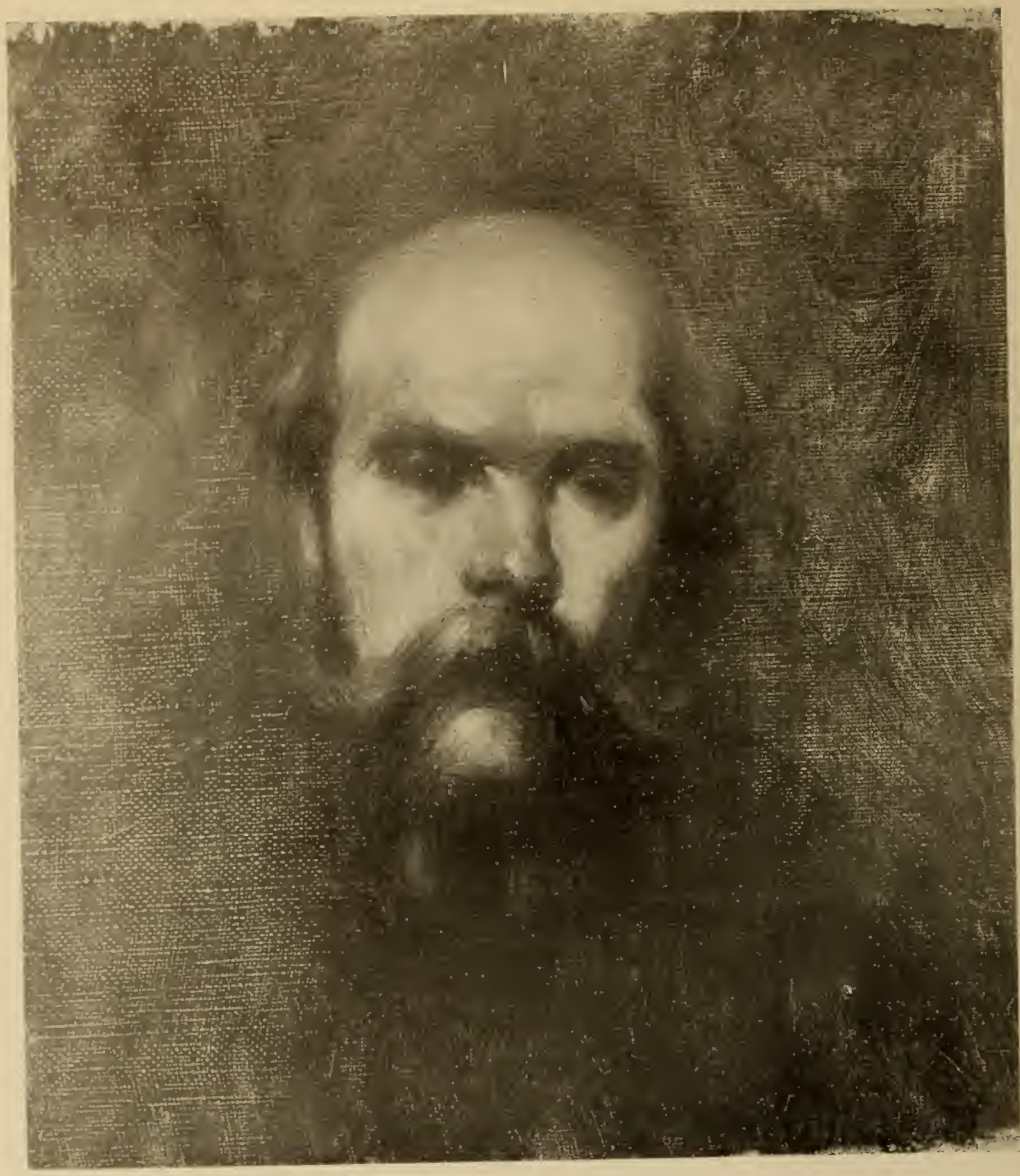
JEAN BAPTISTE COROT
Agostina, 1866

oil, 51¼" x 37½"
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)



EDOUARD MANET — oil, 18 5/8″ x 15 3/8″
In the Café — *Collection of Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore*

MARY CASSATT — *pastel, 11½" x 8¾"*
The Loge — Cincinnati Art Museum, Mary Hanna Collection



EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE — oil, 7⅝″ x 7″
Paul Verlaine, c. 1890 — *Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*

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ADOLPHE MONTICELLI
As You Like It

oil, 17" x 29"
Collection of
The Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D. C.

JEAN BAPTISTE COROT
Landscape near Voisinlieu

oil, 13½″ x 17½″
Collection of
Dr. and Mrs. Leslie M. Maitland, Los Angeles

CLAUDE MONET
Old St. Lazare Station, Paris, 1877

oil, 31½" x 23½"
The Art Institute of Chicago,
Mr. and Mrs. Martin A. Ryerson Collection

ADOLPHE MONTICELLI — *oil, 28¾″ x 23½″*
Portrait of Madame Rosenthal, 1865(?) — *Courtesy of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo*

EDOUARD MANET
Ballet Espagnole, 1868

oil, 24" x 36"
Collection of
The Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D. C.

PAUL CÉZANNE — oil, 12½″ x 15¼″
Still Life, 1885 — *Collection of John T. Spaulding, Boston*

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
Vase of Anemones, 1890

oil, 16½" x 13"
Collection of Sam Salz, New York

JEAN BAPTISTE COROT
View of Rome

oil, 8⅝″ x 15″
Collis Potter Huntington Memorial Collection, California Palace of the Legion of Honor

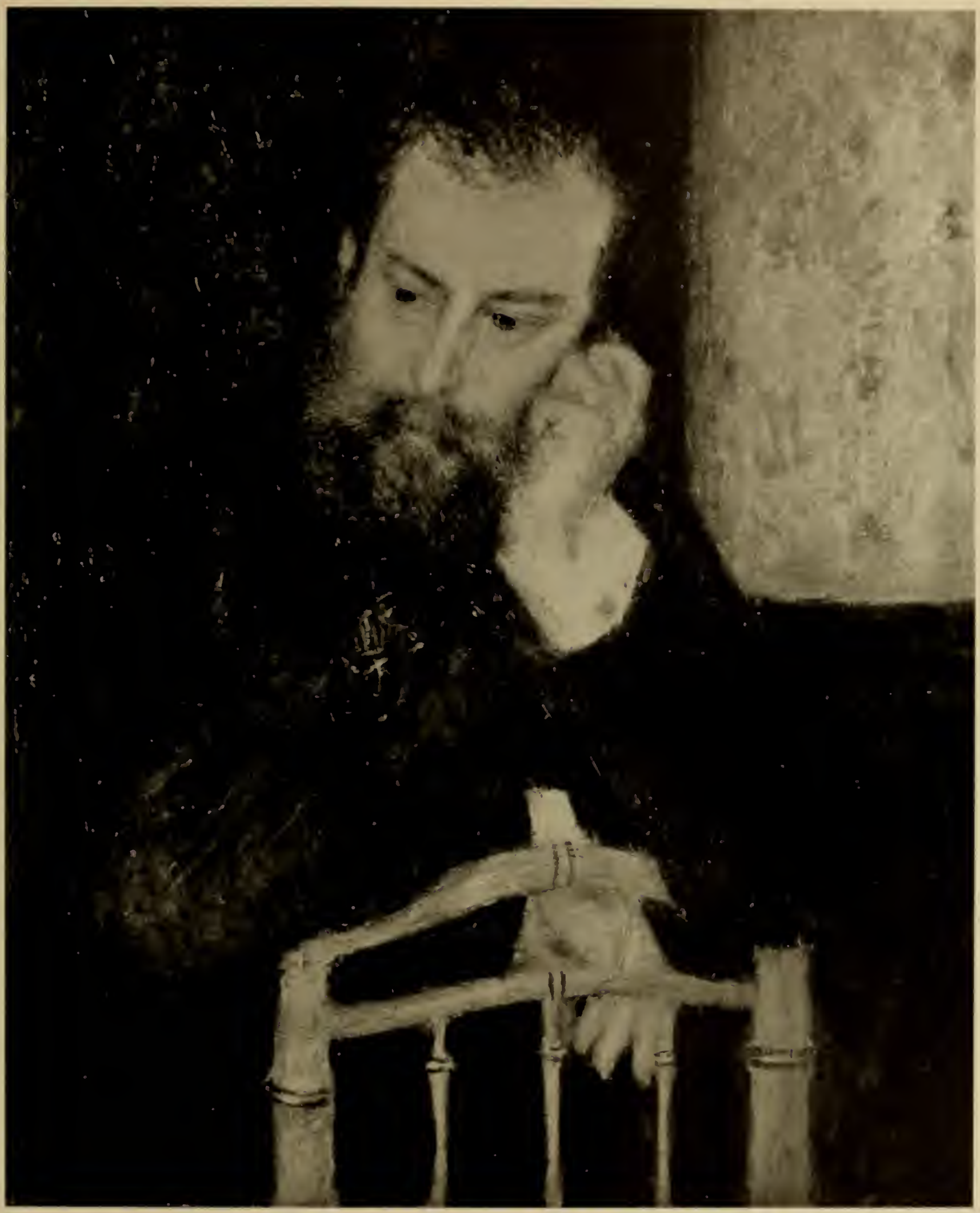
JEAN BAPTISTE COROT
Young Girls of Sparta, 1868–70

oil, 16½″ x 29½″
Courtesy, Brooklyn Museum, New York

EDOUARD MANET
The Old Musician, 1862

oil, 73¾″ x 98″
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)

CLAUDE MONET — oil, 25⅝″ x 32″
The Mediterranean, 1888 — *Collection of Frederick W. Schumacher, Columbus*



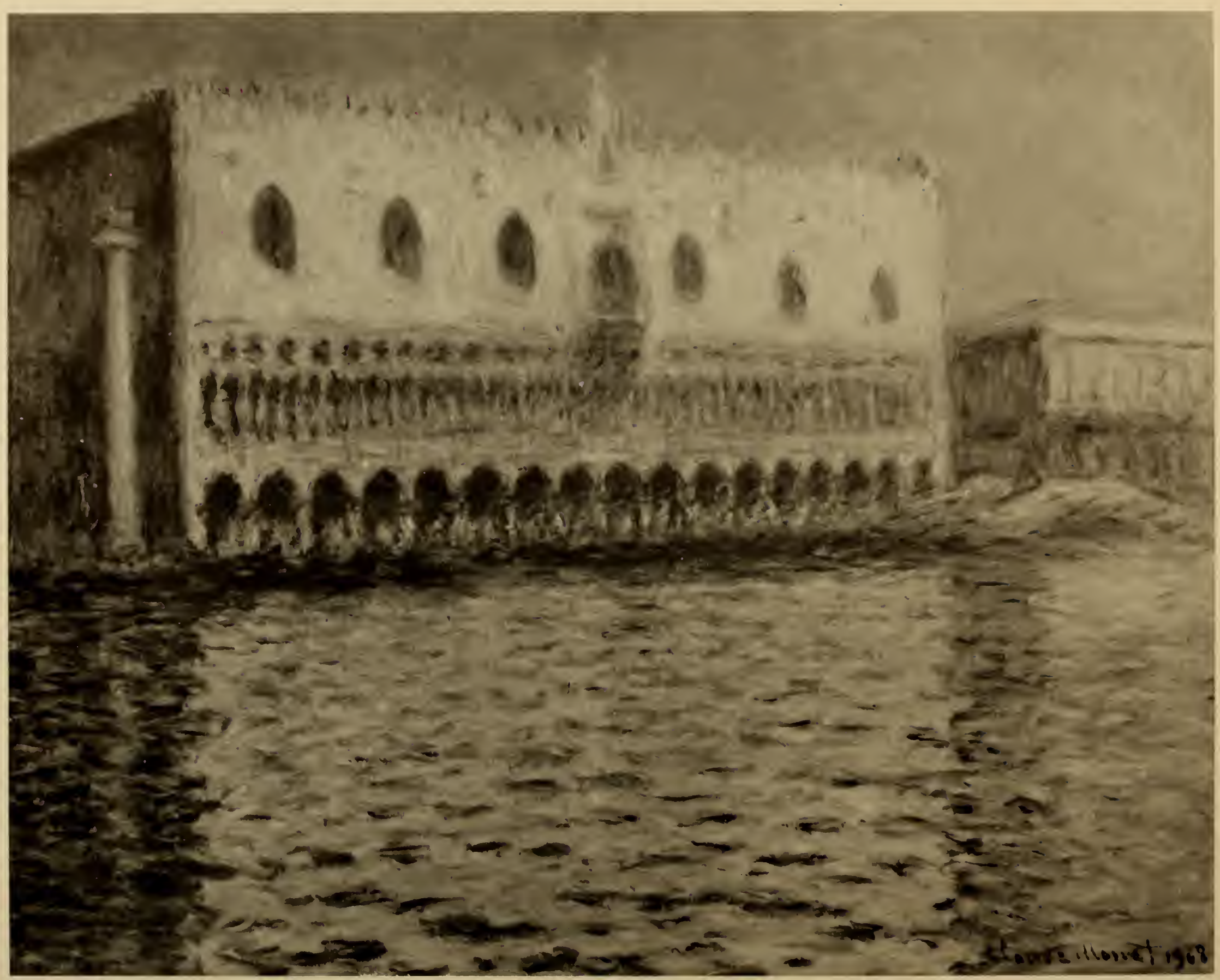
PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
Alfred Sisley, 1879

oil, 25⅝" x 21¼"
The Art Institute of Chicago,
Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Coburn Memorial

CAMILLE PISSARRO
Work Horses, 1882

oil, 28¾ x 23⅝″
Courtesy of Durand-Ruel, New York

EDOUARD MANET — oil, 18″ x 21 3/4″
Marguerite de Conflans, 1875 — *Courtesy of French Art Galleries, New York*



CLAUDE MONET — *oil, 32″ x 39½″*
The Ducal Palace at Venice, 1908 — *Courtesy, Brooklyn Museum, New York*

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
Odalisque, 1870

oil, 27″ x 48½″
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)

JEAN BAPTISTE COROT
Portrait of a Lady, 1865–70

oil, 16¼″ x 13″
Collection of
The Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D. C.

EDOUARD MANET — oil, 36½" x 32½"
Le Bon Bock, 1873 — *Collection of Carroll S. Tyson, Jr., Philadelphia*

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
Mademoiselle Sicot, 1865

oil, 48¾″ *x* 38¼″
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)

EDOUARD MANET
Young Girl on a Bench, c. 1881

oil, 29″ x 24″
Courtesy of Durand-Ruel, New York

JEAN BAPTISTE COROT
Keepsake of Terracina

oil, 26″ x 32″
Clark Collection,
The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

JEAN BAPTISTE COROT
Portrait of a Young Woman, 1868–72

oil, 12⅞" x 9⅝"
Collection of E. H. Hirschland, New York

CAMILLE PISSARRO — *oil, 18″ x 15″*
Portrait of His Son, 1878 — *Collection of Edward G. Robinson, Beverly Hills*

EDOUARD MANET
Portrait of Lina Campineanu, 1878

oil, 22″ x 18¼″
Collection of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City

ARMAND GUILLAUMIN — *pastel*, 15⅜″ x 11⅞″
Head of a Young Girl — *Courtesy of Durand-Ruel, New York*

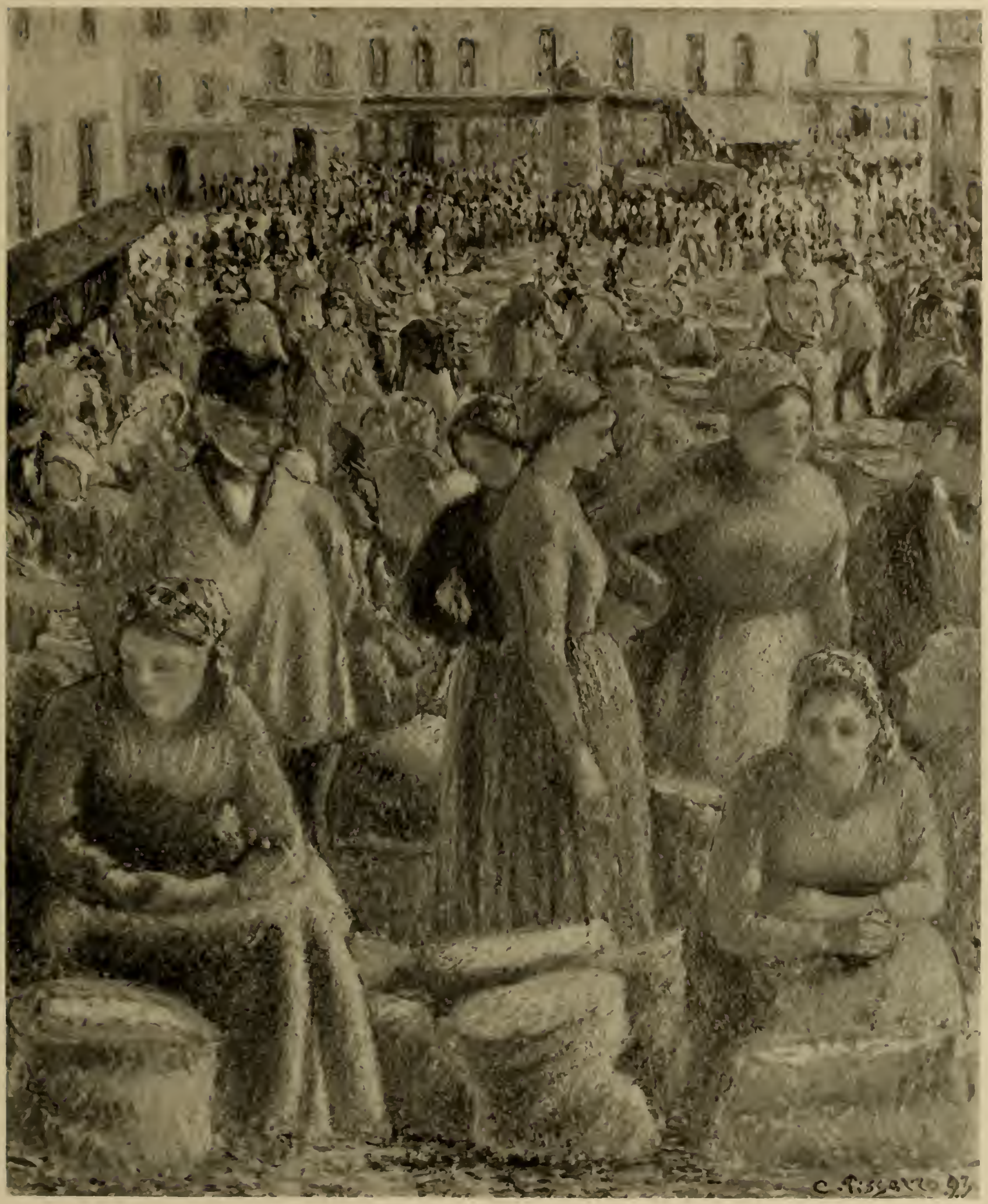
EDOUARD MANET — *pastel, 21 3/4" x 18 1/4"*
Head of a Woman, 1879 — *The Leursohn Collection, New York*

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
In the Meadow, c. 1894–5

oil, 32″ x 25¾″
The Lewisohn Collection, New York

EDGAR DEGAS — oil, 40″ x 32″
Two Sisters, c. 1867–8 — *Courtesy of Paul Rosenberg & Co., New York*

EUGENE BOUDIN — oil, 12″ x 16⅛″
The Harbour at Tréport — *Courtesy, Brooklyn Museum, New York*



CAMILLE PISSARRO — oil, 14" x 17"
The Grain Market, 1893 — *Collection of Sam Salz, New York*

MARY CASSATT
The Morning Toilet, 1886

oil, 29½″ x 24½″
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)

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EDOUARD MANET
Boy with a Sword, 1861

oil 51⅝″ x 36¾″
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

BERTHE MORISOT — oil, 36″ x 28¾″
Young Girl Seated — *Collection of Carroll S. Tyson, Jr., Philadelphia*

EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE
Mother and Child

oil 20" x 24"
Collection of
Dr. & Mrs. Leslie M. Maitland, Los Angeles

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
Girl with a Cat, c. 1885

oil, 39⅝″ x 32⅜″
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Whittemore Collection (Loan)

PAUL CÉZANNE
Vase of Flowers, c. 1876

oil, $28\frac{3}{4}'' \times 23\frac{1}{2}''$
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR — *oil, 16″ x 12½″*
Portrait of Claude, 1903 — *Collection of the Art Gallery of Toronto*

MARY CASSATT
The Toilet, 1894

oil, 39″ x 26″
The Art Institute of Chicago,
R. Alexander Waller Memorial

CAMILLE PISSARRO — oil, 28¾" x 36¼"
Boulevard Montmartre, 1897 — National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.
Chester Dale Collection Loan

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR — oil, 30⅞" x 44⅝"
Le Moulin de la Galette, 1876 — *Collection of John Hay Whitney, New York*

EDGAR DEGAS — *oil, 31″ x 24¾″*

Degas' Father Listening to Pagans — *Collection of John T. Spaulding, Boston*

MARY CASSATT — oil, 31½" x 25½"
At the Opera, c. 1880 — *Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*

PAUL CÉZANNE
Still Life, c. 1890

oil, 25½″ x 31½″
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)

EDOUARD MANET — oil, 14¼″ x 17″
Still Life. 1880 — *Collection of John T. Spaulding, Boston*

CAMILLE PISSARRO
The Farm of Montfoucault, 1874

oil, 21½″ x 25¾″
Courtesy of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo

JEAN BAPTISTE COROT
The Letter, 1865-70

oil, 21½" x 14¼"
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN
The Dressing Room, drawing

Courtesy of the
Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia

MARY CASSATT
Study for the Banjo Lesson, pastel

Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

EUGENE BOUDIN
Baie de Fourmis, Beaulieu, 1892

oil, 21⅝″ x 35½″
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

CLAUDE MONET
Là Grenouillère, 1869

oil, $29\frac{3}{8}$" x $39\frac{1}{4}$"
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

EDGAR DEGAS *Courtesy of Durand-Ruel, New York*

Woman Combing Her Hair, pastel

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
Judgement of Paris, sanguine

Collection of
The Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D. C.

EDGAR DEGAS *Private Collection*
Woman in a Cafe, oil, 1884

MARY CASSATT
Lady at the Tea Table, 1885

oil, 29″ x 24″
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

JEAN BAPTISTE COROT
Portrait of Henry Leroy as a Child, drawing

Courtesy of the
Fogg Museum of Art, Harvard University
Collection of Paul J. Sachs

EDOUARD MANET — oil, $38\frac{1}{4}'' \times 51\frac{1}{4}''$

Boating, 1874 — *The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York*

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC
Portrait of Comtesse Adèle de Toulouse-Lautrec,
charcoal drawing

Courtesy, Brooklyn Museum, New York

EDGAR DEGAS
Achille de Gas in the Uniform of a Cadet, 1856–7

oil, $25\frac{1}{4}'' \times 20''$
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN
The Picture Dealer

oil, 28½" x 23½"
The Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Preston Harrison Gallery of Modern French Art, Los Angeles County Museum

PAUL CÉZANNE
Portrait of Henri Gasquet, c. 1896–7

oil, 21⅝" x 18⅛"
By permission of the Bignou Gallery, New York

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR — *oil, 21″ x 105″*
Apples in a Dish, 1883 — *Courtesy Fogg Museum of Art, Harvard University*

PIERRE BONNARD — *oil, 14½″ x 21½″*
La Table Garnie, 1924 — *Collection of the Art Gallery of Toronto*

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
Boating Party at Luncheon, 1881

oil, 51″ x 68″
Collection of
The Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D. C.

BERTHE MORISOT
In the Garden

oil, 21″ x 25¼″
The Toledo Museum of Art,
Edward Drummond Libbey Collection

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR — oil 19" x 25"
The Seine at Argenteuil — Collection of the Portland Art Museum

PAUL CÉZANNE — *oil, 25⅝″ x 32½″*
The Card Players, 1892 — *Collection of Stephen C. Clark, New York*

BERTHE MORISOT
In the Dining Room, 1881–3

oil, $24\frac{1}{4}$" x $19\frac{3}{4}$"
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)

EDGAR DEGAS — oil, 32″ x 45″
The Interior, 1875 — *Collection of Henry P. McIlhenny, Philadelphia*

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN
The Witness Confounded
oil, 21 3/4" x 25 1/4"
Collection of John T. Spaulding, Boston

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN
The Sitting
oil, 21 1/4" x 25 3/4"
Courtesy, Brooklyn Museum, New York

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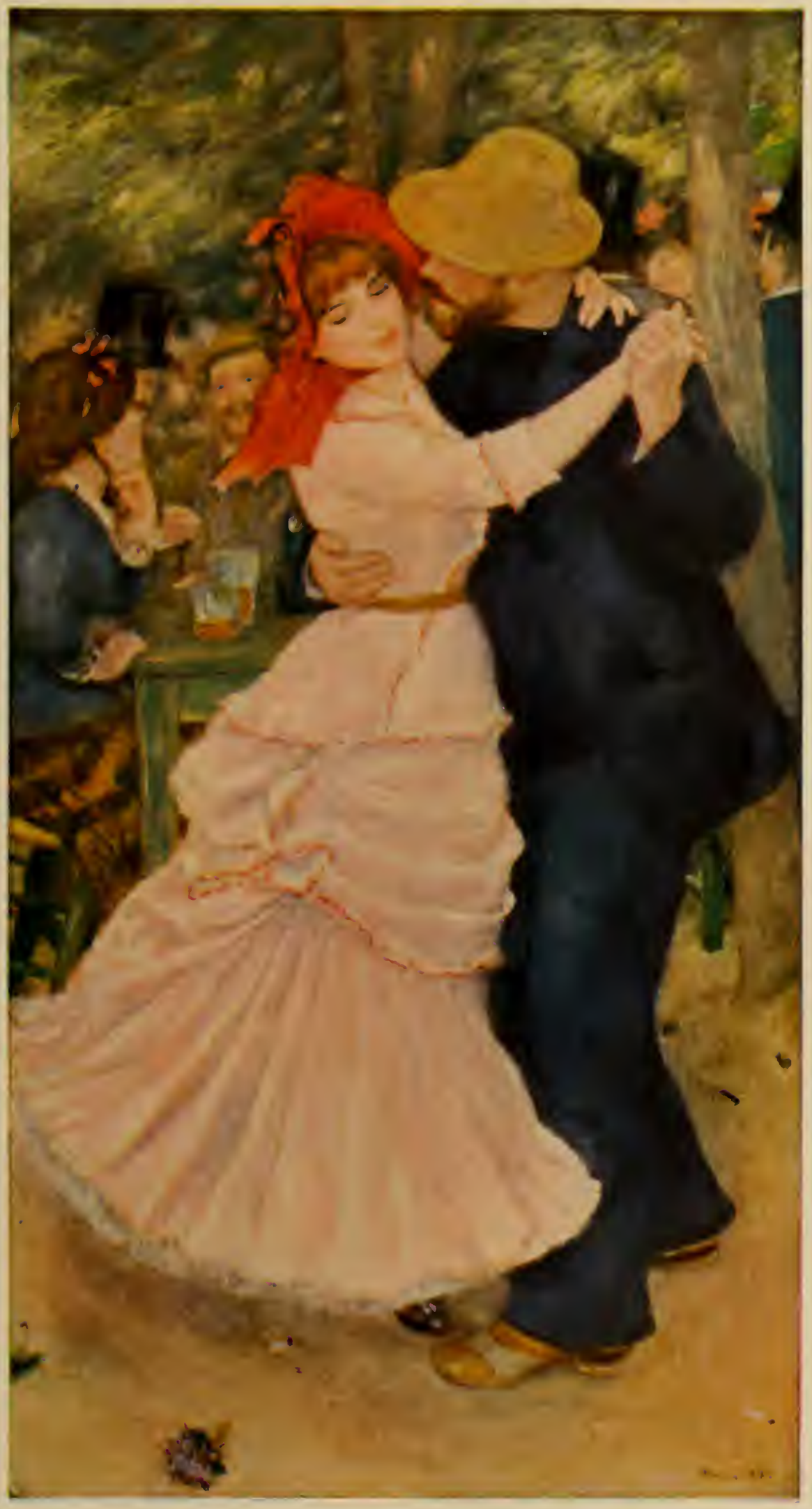
PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR — oil, 36¼″ x 28½″
By the Seashore, 1883 — *The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York*



PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
Le Bal à Bougival, 1883

oil, 70⅝" x 37¾"
Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
Three Bathers, 1897

oil, 21½" x 25⅞"
Collection of The Cleveland Museum of Art

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR — oil, 16$^{3}_{4}$" x 12½"
La Sortie du Bain, 1890 — *Collection of Sam Salz, New York*

EDOUARD MANET — oil, 39" x 31½"
Soap Bubble, 1868 — *The Leuvsohn Collection, New York*

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR — oil, 39½" x 28¾"
A Girl with a Watering Can, 1876 — *National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.*
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)

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PAUL CÉZANNE — *oil, 22½″ x 18½″*
Portrait of Mme. Cézanne, 1872–7 — *Collection of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., New York*

CAMILLE PISSARRO
Peasant Woman, 1880

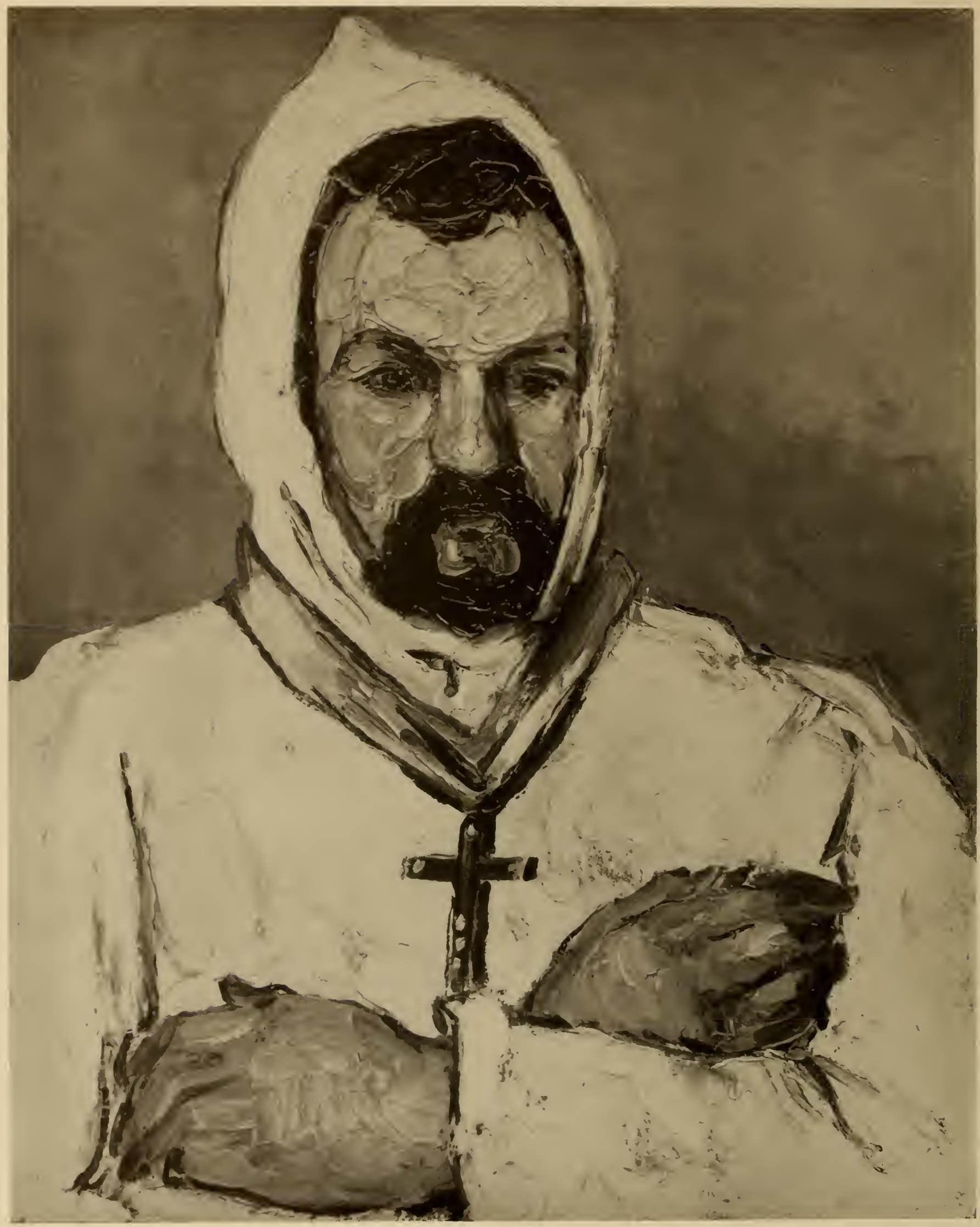
oil, 28¾″ x 23½″
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)

MARY CASSATT
Mother and Two Children

oil, 36½″ x 29″
Collection of
Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design

ODILON REDON
Portrait of Mlle Violette H., 1910

pastel, 28¾" x 36⅜"
Collection of The Cleveland Museum of Art



PAUL CÉZANNE
Uncle Dominic as a Monk, 1865–7

oil, 25″ x 21″
Copyright, The Frick Collection, New York

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MARY CASSATT — *pastel, 25¾" x 39¼"*
After the Bath — *Collection of The Cleveland Museum of Art*

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR — *oil, 26″ x 21½″*

Young Girls Playing Battledore — *Collection of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts*

PAUL CÉZANNE
Grandes Baigneuses, 1898-1905

oil, 82" x 99"
Wilstach Collection, Philadelphia Museum of Art

VINCENT VAN GOGH — *oil, 36″ x 29″*
L'Arlésienne, 1887–9 — *The Lewisohn Collection, New York*

© Courtauld Art Gallery

PAUL CÉZANNE — oil, 36¾″ x 29⅛″
Mme. Cézanne in the Greenhouse, 1890 — *Collection of Stephen C. Clark, New York*

CLAUDE MONET — *oil, 22″ x 25¾″*
Madame Monet and Child, 1875 — *Collection of Edwin S. Webster, Boston*

VINCENT VAN GOGH — oil, 28½" x 23¼"
Street in Auvers — *Collection of John T. Spaulding, Boston*

PAUL GAUGUIN — *oil, 37″ x 24″*
Tahitian Flowers, 1902 — *Collection of Edward G. Robinson, Beverly Hills*

VINCENT VAN GOGH
Public Gardens at Arles, 1888

oil, 28″ x 35½″
Collection of
The Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D. C.

CAMILLE PISSARRO — *oil, 39⅞″ x 32″*
Versailles Road at Louveciennes, 1870 — *Courtesy of Paul Rosenberg & Co., New York*

EDOUARD MANET — oil, 58″ x 45″

The Guitarist, 1860 — *Collection of William Church Osborn, New York*

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
The Misses Lerolle, drawing

Courtesy of Durand-Ruel, New York

VINCENT van GOGH
Cypresses, drawing

Courtesy, Brooklyn Museum, New York

CLAUDE MONET
Olive Trees in Bordighera, oil

Private collection; the late Mr. Franz R. Huntington (now in the possession of Mrs. A. H. Thomas, Columbus, Ohio, the former Mrs. Franz R. Huntington).

CLAUDE MONET
Rouen Cathedral, 1894

oil, $39\frac{1}{4}$" x $25\frac{7}{8}$"
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN
Portrait of a Woman, watercolor

Courtesy of Carstairs Gallery, New York

BERTHE MORISOT *Courtesy of Durand-Ruel, New York*
Head of a Young Girl, drawing

PAUL CEZANNE
Man With a Straw Hat—
Portrait of Boyer, 1870-1

oil, 21⅝" x 15¼"
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

PAUL GAUGUIN
Tahitians with Mangoes, 1899

oil, 37″ x 28¾″
Collection of William Church Osborn, New York

EDGAR DEGAS *Collection of Henry P. McIlhenny, Philadelphia*

Portrait of Miss Cassatt at the Louvre, pastel

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
Mme. Charpentier and Her Children, 1878

oil, 60½" x 74⅞"
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
Baby, pastel (sanguine)

Courtesy of The Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo

EDGAR DEGAS
Woman with Chrysanthemums, 1865

oil, 29" x 36½"
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

PIERRE BONNARD
The Palm, 1926

oil, 44″ x 57½″
Collection of
The Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D. C.

PAUL CÉZANNE — oil, $36\frac{1}{4}'' \times 29\frac{1}{4}''$
Village of Gardanne, 1885–6 — *Courtesy, Brooklyn Museum, New York*

VINCENT VAN GOGH — *oil,*
Portrait of a Boy — *Collection of Rodolphe M. de Schauènsee, Devon, Pa.*

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VINCENT VAN GOGH
La Mousmé, 1888

oil, $28\frac{3}{4}$" x $23\frac{3}{4}$"
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)

EDGAR DEGAS
At the Milliner's, c. 1882

pastel, 27⅝″ x 27¾″
Collection of
Dr. & Mrs. David M. Levy, New York

EDGAR DEGAS — oil, $10\frac{1}{4}'' \times 8\frac{1}{4}''$
Ballet Scene, 1878 — *The Leursohn Collection, New York*

PAUL GAUGUIN — oil, 25½″ x 19″
Poèmes Barbares, 1896 — *Collection of Maurice Wertheim, New York*

PAUL GAUGUIN — oil, 31¼″ x 20¼″
Self-Portrait, 1889 — *National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.*
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)

PAUL CÉZANNE — *oil, 17″ x 21½″*
Portrait of Louis, 1875–6 — *Collection of Maurice Wertheim, New York*

VINCENT VAN GOGH — oil, 25 3/4" x 19 3/4"
Papa Tanguy, 1887–8 — *Collection of Edward G. Robinson, Beverly Hills*

PIERRE BONNARD
The Riviera, 1923

oil, 31″ x 30″
Collection of
The Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D. C.

PAUL GAUGUIN
Ia Orana Maria, 1891

oil, 44¾″ x 34½″
The Lewisohn Collection, New York

İA ORANA MARİA

PAUL GAUGUIN — *oil, 28⅝″ x 36⅜″*

The Spirit of the Dead Watching, 1892 — *Collection of A. Conger Goodyear, New York*

PAUL GAUGUIN
Seated Woman, 1891

oil, 36″ x 27″
Owned by the Worcester Art Museum

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EDGAR DEGAS — *pastel, 36″ x 48″*
After the Bath — *Durand-Ruel Galleries, New York*

VINCENT VAN GOGH — *oil, 23¼″ x 19″*
Self-Portrait, 1889 — *National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. Chester Dale Collection (Loan)*

VINCENT VAN GOGH — *oil, 35¼″ x 27¾″*
La Berceuse — *Collection of John T. Spaulding, Boston*

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC — oil, 45¼" x 59"
Au Moulin Rouge, 1890 — *Collection of Henry P. McIlhenny, Philadelphia*

GEORGES PIERRE SEURAT — *oil, 22″ x 18¼″*
Le Chahut, 1889 — *Courtesy of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo*

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PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR — oil, 46″ x 67″

Bathers — *Collection of Carroll S. Tyson, Jr., Philadelphia*

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC
At the Café, or Monsieur Boileau, 1893

gouache, 31½″ x 25⅝″
Collection of The Cleveland Museum of Art

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC — oil, 15″ x 12¼″
The Black Countess — *Collection of Maurice Wertheim, New York*

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC — oil, 38¾″ x 63½″
In the Circus Fernando. The Ring-Master, 1888 — *The Art Institute of Chicago*
Joseph Winterbotham Collection

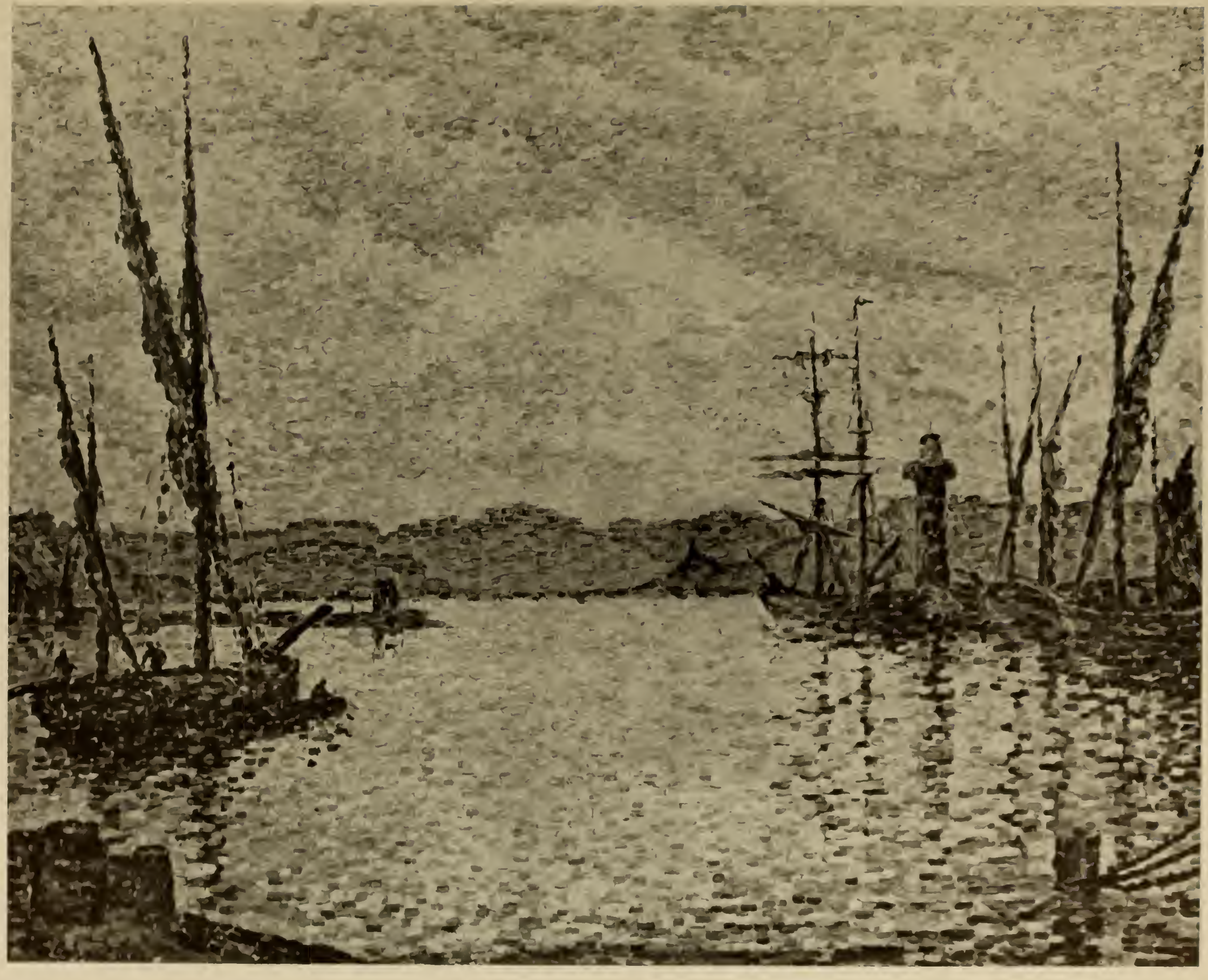
HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC
Maxime Dethomas, 1896

gouache, 26½″ *x* 21″
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC
Alfred la Guigne, 1894

oil and gouache, 25 3/4" x 19 3/4"
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Chester Dale Collection (Loan)

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC — oil, 21¼″ x 18″
Woman in a Studio — *Collection of John T. Spaulding, Boston*



PAUL SIGNAC — oil, $25\frac{1}{4}'' \times 51\frac{3}{4}''$

St Tropez, 1906 — *Courtesy of French Art Galleries, New York*

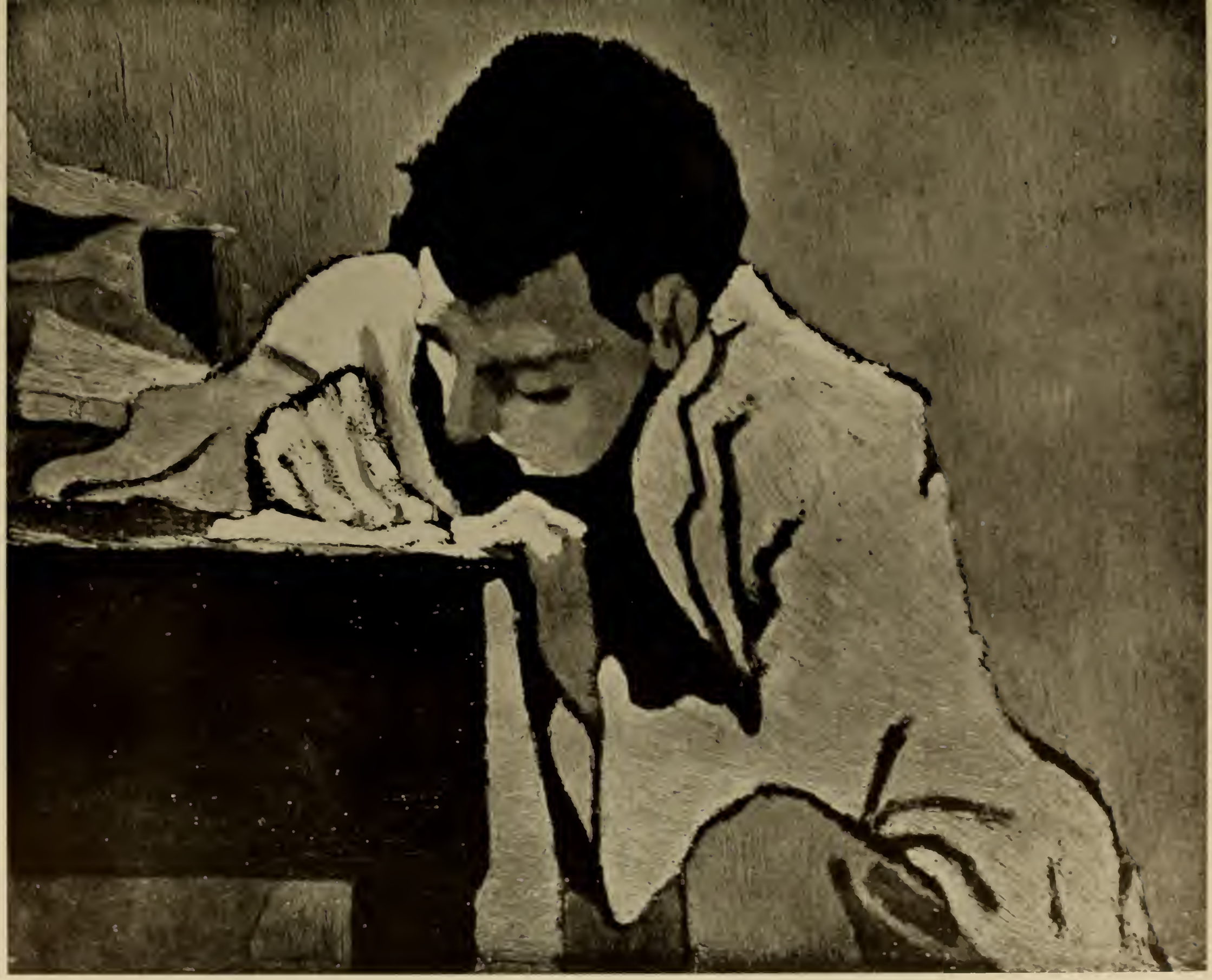
ALFRED SISLEY
Snow at Louveciennes, 1874

oil, 22″ x 18″
Collection of
The Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D. C.

VINCENT VAN GOGH — oil, 32″ x 25½″
The Postman, 1888 — *Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC
The Opera Messalina at Bordeaux, 1900

oil, 38½″ x 31″
The Art Institute of Chicago,
Charles L. and Mary F. S. Worcester Collection



EDOUARD VUILLARD — oil, $8\frac{3}{4}$" x $10\frac{1}{2}$"
Portrait of Eugné Poe — Collection of Miss Mabel Choate, New York

EDGAR DEGAS — *oil, 59¼″ x 71¼″*
Four Dancers, c. 1899 — *National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.*

VINCENT VAN GOGH — *oil, 13¾″ x 10½″*
Self-Portrait, c. 1888–9 — *Collection of The Detroit Institute of Arts*

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VINCENT VAN GOGH — *oil, 28¾″ x 36⅛″*
Night Café, 1888 — *Collection of Stephen C. Clark, New York*

© Collection Museum of Modern Art

VINCENT VAN GOGH
The Starry Night, 1889

oil, 29″ x 36¼″
The Museum of Modern Art, New York
(Acquired through the Lillie P. Bliss Bequest)

EDGAR DEGAS
Horses with Jockeys

oil, 10½″ x 16″
Courtesy of the Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven

GEORGES PIERRE SEURAT
Sunday on the Island of La Grande Jatte, 1884–6

oil, 81" x 120⅜"
The Art Institute of Chicago,
Helen Birch Bartlett Memorial

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC
A La Mie, 1891

oil, 21″ x 26¾″
Courtesy of The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

EDOUARD VUILLARD — *oil, 37″ x 29¼″*
Portrait of Théodore Duret, 1912 — *The Chester Dale Collection, New York*

PIERRE BONNARD
Children and Cat, 1899
oil, 22″ x 27½″
Collection of
The Phillips Memorial Gallery,
Washington, D. C.

ALFRED SISLEY
Grapes and Nuts, 1876
oil, 14½″ x 21½″
Collection of John T. Spaulding,
Boston

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Jewell, Edward Alden
French Impressionists
1949

Rebay
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Jewell, Edward Alden
French Impressionists
1949

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